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J. T. Gubbe

MEMOIR

OF

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN T. GREBLE,

OF THE

UNITED STATES ARMY.

BY

BENSON J. LOSSING.

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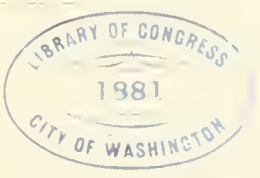

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THIS VOLUME,

THE RESULT OF A LABOR OF LOVE,

GIVEN BECAUSE OF THE NOBLE CHARACTER

AND PATRIOTIC DEEDS OF THE SUBJECT OF IT,

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE SURVIVING SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY

FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE REPUBLIC,

BY THE AUTHOR.

MEMOIR.

"I HAVE often heard," says Sallust, "that Quintus Maximus, Publius Scipio, and other renowned persons of the Roman Commonwealth, used to say that whenever they beheld the images of their ancestors, they felt their minds vehemently excited to virtue. It could not be the wax nor the marble that possessed this power, but the recollection of their great actions that kindled a generous flame in their breasts which could not be quelled till they also, by Virtue, had acquired equal fame and glory."

In our better era, and in our country of free thought and action, the Biographer may produce such images in more impressive, because historic forms, and so become a public benefactor.

If the writer of this memoir wished to kindle in the breasts of his young countrymen a glowing desire for the accomplishment of great and good deeds; a desire which "could not be quelled till they also by virtue had acquired equal fame and glory," he would choose for his subject the one on which his pen is now employed for the satisfaction of loving

friends, for the virtues of JOHN T. GREBLE were sublime.

From the duchy south of the great Thuringian forests, now known as Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Andrew Grebel, a sturdy young German, who was born a subject of Duke John Ernest, emigrated to America in 1742, and became a foster-citizen of Philadelphia. There he married Rachel Schope, a native of picturesque Swabia, through which the Danube flows, and ranges of the Alps and the Black Forest hills traverse. She settled in Philadelphia, with her parents, seven years before he who was to be her husband came over the sea. These were the ancestors of the family in Philadelphia, who write their name Greble.

The first immigrant and his sons and sons-in-law were active in the military service during our old war for independence. The father and his son Jacob were with Washington in the battle of Trenton, and suffered the many hardships to which the little army of patriots was exposed at that gloomy period of the strife. They were also in the battle of Monmouth. His son John was in the army at the same time, and fought in several battles. Caspar, another son, was a member of Mercer's "Flying Camp," a sort of guerrilla organization, and after the death of the leader, he entered the continental naval service. George, a little son, only twelve years of age, was a drummer-boy in the militia, and afterward made several sea voyages in a privateer vessel. Henry Dentzel, who married Andrew's daughter Mary, and

Adam Witherstein, the husband of her sister Sophia, were also in the army, and were in several engagements.

William Greble, another of Andrew's sons, married Catharine Yhost, of Philadelphia, whose parents were natives of Swabia. Their fourth son, Edwin, married Susan Virginia, daughter of Robert Major, of Chester County, Pennsylvania, whose father, William Major, was an active soldier in the Continental Army. Robert Major's wife was a daughter of Isaac Jones, a birth-right member of the Society of Friends or Quakers. His ancestor, a native of Wales, came to America with William Penn, and was one of the earliest settlers near Chester, on the Delaware, where the founder of Pennsylvania first landed. In the year 1689, he took up his abode in the newly-founded city of Philadelphia. Isaac, in violation of the discipline of the Society of Friends, which insists upon absolute non-resistance, entered the Continental army as a soldier. For this offence he was disowned as a member of the Society, but he continued to worship with them until his death.

Edwin Greble and Susan Virginia Major, wedded in 1831, were the parents of John T. Greble. He was their first son, and was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the nineteenth day of January, 1834. He was an inheritor of excellent moral and intellectual qualities that formed the solid foundations of that wealth of good character which he possessed in mature years. This is an incident not to be slightly estimated in making up the sum of a man's life, for

all experience teaches that in human character as in the physical world, like begets like, and aberrations are generally the consequences of modifying circumstances.

The childhood of young Greble was passed among the influences of most salutary surroundings. His home was the abode of domestic harmony, of liberal culture, of personal refinement of thought and manners, and other Christian graces which make the household the nursery of great and good men and women.

His own gentleness of spirit, his love of truth, his nobility of impulse, his carefulness of the feelings of others, and his eagerness for knowledge, responded lovingly to these home influences, as does the chord to the touch of the musician, and co-operated with wise parental discipline in making him a model of a boy of satisfactory promise, which his manhood fully redeemed.

Faithfulness was a quality of his character early developed. He could never be tempted from a post of duty. A single example is a sufficient illustration here: when he was a small school-boy he was called one morning by his mother to leave an absorbing contest of little wooden soldiers which he was superintending, to guard from harm a young sister left to play with a hoop on the side-walk. He quickly and cheerfully said, "Yes, ma," and seated himself on the front door step, in dutiful obedience. The most seductive attempts of other little boys to draw him away to play in the public square near by,

were in vain. He had a charge. He felt the responsibility. He refused to leave, and nobly performed his prescribed duty. When one of the tempters said "Oh, nothing will happen to her;" he promptly replied, "Of course not while *I* am here." With the same inborn spirit he uttered his later words at his gun on the field of battle where he fell.

In childhood young Greble's physical frame was slight and delicate, and while not discarding the more boisterous out-door plays of other boys, he preferred the fountain of knowledge and the gentle amusements within the family circle. He was so winning in his ways that it was always a joy for his mother, and the other children to have "Jack" (as they familiarly called him) with them, and so his inclinations were gratified. He had his own peculiar tastes in these, but he never allowed them to interfere with the happiness of others; and he was ever ready to leave his favorite amusement with mimic soldiers and the perusal of stories of military achievements, in response to the other children when they called, "Tell us this," or, "Show us that," or, "Come join us in our play." Often, when he had gratified them and put them earnestly in motion in some play, he would steal off to indulge in his favorite amusements.

An excellent feminine teacher had charge of the boy's earliest education outside of the family; and so soon as he was old enough to profit by instruction in the Sabbath school, he filled a place therein. In such a way, at home and abroad, his earlier intellec-

tual, moral, and religious training was begun. And these influences and wise discipline went hand in hand in the culture of the youth all the way up to manhood, when the religious principle—the best element in character for the security of a well-ordered and useful life, pervaded his whole being. He believed with Young, that

"A Christian is the highest style of man;"

not the Christian by profession only, but by hourly action. And the tenor of his life was in consonance with that belief. His teacher, J. C. Farr, wrote to a friend in allusion to the child's early promise, "It was my privilege in the confidence reposed in me by his respected parents, to have John placed under my instructions in the Sabbath school while in his early childhood, and among all the large numbers with whom I have been associated in a course of many years, there was no youth with whom I parted at the end of our school connection, who left me with so hopeful an impression, that, as he had been always kind, amiable, respectful, intelligent, manly, yet modest, with a high appreciation of moral and religious truth, nothing else would be realized in his manhood than the results which these coveted traits of character ordinarily produce. We considered him in Sabbath school an exemplary scholar, and in his riper years were not disappointed."

An incident occurred during his connection with the Sabbath school, which revealed a peculiar phase in young Greble's character. He was usually very

generous, and freely spent his pocket money more for the gratification of others than for himself. At one time it was observed that his generous acts had almost ceased, and that he was hoarding instead of spending his money. The other children noticed it, and said: "Why, Jack is getting stingy." He was unmoved. He kept his own counsel. He was a manager of the Sabbath School Bible Society, for which cause he zealously made collections. What he asked of others he would not himself deny. Very soon the secret of his sudden economy in expenditure was revealed, for he gave to the society's funds, at the anniversary meeting, so large a sum from his own savings, that it was voted, by unanimous consent, that the father of the generous worker should be made a life member. Could a father's heart have coveted a more touching testimonial of the nobility of a son's nature?

At the age of eight years, the child entered the Ringgold Grammar School, of Philadelphia, as a pupil, where he remained four years. His obedience, industry, marked ability, and gentleness made him a universal favorite; and his assiduity was rewarded at the end of the term with full success in passing a most rigid examination as a candidate for a higher seminary of learning. His attainments were such that he was at once admitted to the Central High School of Philadelphia, where he remained another term of four years, winning the love and esteem of all, both tutors and students; and when he graduated in June, 1850, at the age of sixteen years, he received

the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1854 he received the degree of Master of Arts.

During his whole term in the Central High School he was never known to have an imperfect lesson, to violate a single prescribed rule, or to neglect studies which were not in accordance with his taste. Allegiance to duty and submission to authority were the practical maxims of conduct that governed him in the days of his discipline; and a sense of the value of time as a limited opportunity for improvement, seemed ever present with him.

During his pupilage in the Central High School, young Greble's stated and occasional compositions were noted for clearness and vigor of thought, and high-toned notions of life's duties and privileges. They appear quite remarkable when considered as the productions of a lad a little more than fifteen years of age. His choice of subjects, the trains of thought developed, and the clearness and directness of his statements, without any of the usual ornate rhetoric found in juvenile compositions, marked them all as the fruit of a sound and well-balanced mind, perfected by thorough discipline. In proof I introduce some extracts from two of them, satisfied that they will gratify the loving friends for whom this memoir is written, and would not displease even a critical and unsympathizing public.

"PASSION AND JUDGMENT.

"How can you best influence the opinions of men? by an address to their passions or their judgments?

"All men have passions, but very few have judgment; or, at least, if all do have it, in some it is as but the faintest glimmering of the nearly expiring lamp. How, then, can we appeal to that which all men have not, much less seek to guide their conduct by a phantasm? Can we find that which was never lost? Can we create that which never existed?

"The passions are natural: judgment is acquired; and what is natural is always stronger than studied attainments. Judgment tends to subdue the passions; but they still, at times, struggle in the breast, as the proud war horse rears under the guidance of the rein.

"He who has judgment is a great man. He has learned that first important thing, to govern himself; and he who can govern himself can govern others.

"An appeal to the judgment, although a confined one, is the noblest. It is backed by sense, and is acted upon in the coolness of thought and the wisdom of experience. The appeal to the passions is a general one, and their action is quicker and less lasting.

"What is more ennobling than the passion of love? And who has not felt it? It is the parent of good feelings, and the offspring of a higher world than this. To what cannot man or woman be moved by it? Love to God spreads a heavenly light over the whole

heart. Love to man makes happiness enlighten the face, and pleasure dance in the eyes. It is a calm and saint-like passion, and its proximity to judgment is near.

"The appeal to the malevolent passions is as strong and its effects more turbulent. It is that which has filled our prisons, and which has populated otherwise beautiful districts with a mass of improvident and unruly men, kindling terrible furies, destroying property, and contemplating and even effecting the sacrifice of life."

On the subject of "OLDEN TIMES," after mentioning the fact that many desire a return of "the good old days," he wrote:—

"They who make those wishes look only on one side of the picture. Their minds are led away to the high-colored and brilliant accounts of chivalry, high birth and beauty portrayed on the novel's enchanting page. They seem to hear the trumpet's martial blast ushering the mail-clad knights into the lists, sending one of them to die, or to be overthrown, or wounded in the field. They then see the victorious one greeted by the sounds of music and applause, and crowned with laurels by the hand of beauty. It is because of these things that the wish escapes their lips. They think they would emulate Richard Cœur de Leon, or Tancred; and that the proudest ladies would smile upon them.

"But look at the oppression which reigned in those days. See the common people bowing the knee—

servile on account of their situation—and depending on the good humor of their lord, alone, for their lives. Would you have such a state of affairs as this revived?

"In war alone did their high-born nobles excel. The school-boy now, of fifteen years of age, is better learned in geography, the proper rules which govern language, and in general knowledge, than four-fifths of those knights whom he would resemble. What is power without knowledge, but the oppression of ignorance?"

As young Greble approached the age when a vocation for life is usually chosen, What shall it be? was a serious question pressed upon the attention of his parents. His father had desired to train him in his own business, that he might become, in manhood, a partner in its labors and emoluments; but he could plainly discover, during all the years of the boy's pupilage in the High School, that his tastes and inclinations were decidedly for the military profession. His favorite amusement, as a little child, was with the movements of toy soldiers under his own hands; and his favorite reading as he grew into a thoughtful youth, was that which related to military achievements. It was evident that the delicate boy, in whom no belligerence was ever manifested—who was never known to quarrel with a school-fellow, or unduly manifest self-assertion in any way—always pacific, and yielding his own will and pleasure for the joy of others, when it did not imply the submission of a

principle; the delicate boy, of whom a stranger, marking his gentleness of character, would have predicted a taste for the non-combative pursuits of science, literature, or the fine arts, was already, by some peculiar inclination of his genius, a soldier in aspiration. And so strongly was that inclination developed with his years, that the father yielded his own preferences and took measures to have his son instructed in all that pertained to a preparation for the military profession.

When the Honorable Lewis C. Levin, the representative in Congress of Mr. Greble's district, heard of the strong desire of the latter's son to lead a military life, he at once, and without solicitation or even a hint from the lad's family, generously tendered him a cadetship then in his gift, in the United States Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson. Mr. Levin was well acquainted with young Greble's character as a youth of more than ordinary promise, and believed that his career would justify his wisdom in making the selection. The nomination was made in the winter of 1850, and on the 5th of March, that year, the Secretary of War, George W. Crawford, of Georgia, wrote to the candidate an official letter in which he informed him that he had been "appointed a cadet in the service of the United States" by the President, Zachary Taylor. On the 30th of June following—the very day but one after his graduation at the Central High School in Philadelphia, he entered the Academy at West Point, bearing with him to the Professors of that institution

the following voluntary testimonial concerning his worth :—

"Central High School,
Philadelphia, June 11, 1850.

"To the Professors of the Military Academy at West Point:—

"Gentlemen: Mr. John T. Greble having been appointed a cadet in your institution, I beg leave to commend him to your kind consideration. As he has been for four years under my care, I may claim to know him well; and I recommend him as a young man of good abilities and amiable disposition; punctual in the discharge of duty, and seldom off his post. In these whole four years he has lost, I believe, but two days—one from sickness and one to attend the funeral of a classmate. He leaves the High School with the unqualified confidence and respect of every professor in it.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN S. HART, *Principal.*"

Young Greble's examination at West Point followed in due time. It was entirely satisfactory, and in February, 1851, he received a certificate from the War Department, dated the 24th of that month, declaring his ability and regular entry as a cadet, the appointment to "take effect on the 30th day of June, 1850." In the neat gray uniform of the institution, he was now a faithful, zealous, and in every way exemplary student of such knowledge as the profession he had chosen required. The history of that gray uniform of the West Point Cadets is interesting. It

was given to the writer in 1862, by the late Major-General Winfield Scott, while conversing with him in the library at West Point. While stationed at Buffalo, in the summer of 1814, General Scott wrote to the Quarter-Master for a supply of new clothing for the regulars. Word soon came back that blue cloth, such as was used in the army, could not be obtained, owing to the stringency of the blockade, and the embargo, and the lack of manufactures in the country, but that there was a sufficient quantity of gray cloth (now known as "Cadet's Gray") in Philadelphia. Scott ordered it to be made up for his soldiers, and in these new gray suits they marched down the Niagara River, on the Canada side, in the direction of Chippewa. It was just before the battle known by that name, which occurred early in July. General Riall, the British commander, looked upon them with contempt when preparing for battle on the morning of the 5th, for the Marquis of Tweeddale, who, with the British advance, had skirmished with them all the day before, had reported that they were only "Buffalo Militia," and accounted for the fact that they fought well and drove him to his intrenchments north of the Chippewa River, because it was the anniversary of American Independence that stimulated them. Because of the victory won at Chippewa on that day, chiefly by these soldiers in gray, and in honor of Scott and his troops, that style of cloth was adopted at the military academy at West Point as the uniform of the cadets. It has been used ever since, and is known to be the best

color for field service, as the wearer is not conspicuous. The writer has observed the cadets at a little distance in the gray of the evening twilight to be almost invisible excepting the dark stripe down the leg.

When young Greble entered the military academy he was loved and respected as few young men are loved and respected. He possessed the solid esteem of all who were ever brought within the influence of his goodness, and in a special manner his school-fellows. It was not an evanescent liking for "a clever fellow," which too often illustrates the truth of the saying "Out of sight out of mind," but it was a real affection inspired by his intrinsic worth—an admiration for his noble qualities of mind and heart. One of his school-fellows, who has since held honorable positions in public life, in a paper entitled, "The Character of John T. Greble," written when the subject and the author were mere boys, summed up his estimate of that character in the following words, of which the closing ones, considered in the light of subsequent events, were prophetic :—

"He has very strong good sense; sees very well into the actions of others, and will never do a disgraceful action. His love of right is too strong to permit it. He cherishes his ideas, and we will hear the same things repeated by him after a considerable length of time.

"He is generous to a fault, as the writer of this has had many opportunities for proving. He is energetic, and an excellent confidant—never betraying a

secret, and always taking a great interest in the affairs of his friends.

"His fault is not vanity; I have never, in all my intercourse with him, seen him display any. He does not discourse of his own merits. He never assumes any superiority. He will look up even to those who are inferior to him, but will not bear to be looked down upon.

"He is brave, and dares to do all that may become a man. He is inclined to religion, but whether through the influence of natural disposition or early education, I cannot tell. He cannot bear trifling upon subjects that he deems worthy of his veneration. He is dainty in his senses, and abhors anything disgusting or indecent; his soul recoils from it.

"In short, he is the embryo of a bold, honorable, true man; one that will be a glory to his name, and an honor to his country; and one that will always be my friend.

"IGNATIUS L. DONNELLY."

More remarkable than this was the following poetic address of young Donnelly to his "dear friend, John T. Greble" during the first year of the latter's cadetship at West Point, and dated January 15th, 1851:—

"Look forward to the future, for thy heritage is there,
Where our country's widened banner floats alone upon the air;
Or through the rush of battle its smoke-enveloped form
Gleams like a white sail plunging 'mid the tossing of the storm.

"Look forward to the future, for our nation's dawn is nigh,
And her struggling light is glancing where the golden deserts lie.

The sun that peeped above the sea on Plymouth's wintry shore,
Now flashes where the billows of the wide Pacific roar;
And up along the icy north, his slanted beams lie white
O'er pallid lake, and windy plain, and frozen forest height;
And down amid the dim green woods of shadowy Brazil,
His golden light shall dazzle where all is dark and still.

* * * * * * * * *

"Look forward to the future, when worth shall find its own,
And when the mightiest mind shall wield the monarch-might alone,
When nobler deeds and greater thoughts shall mark our nation-home,
Than ever blessed the Spartan's hills or shook the halls of Rome.
Then thou shalt shine, my early friend; thy dimly-rising star
Shall kiss the sunken waves of peace or light the waste of war;
And one shall stand aside and watch its steady, changeless ray,
Until its light fades faintly out in fame's eternal day."

In the Military Academy our Cadet found ample scope and means for the gratification of his tastes and laudably ambitious desires. His studies, his associates and associations, and the daily routine of student-life there, were all calculated to produce the most perfect development of his whole being. And in him that development was most harmonious and beautiful. No study was irksome to him. He enjoyed severe mental and moral discipline; and he yielded as lovingly to the restraints of academic laws as he had ever done to the training of parental authority. He always recognized the fact that he was a student, sitting at the feet of Experience, and that his highest interest was involved in being a confiding and attentive listener. He was always obedient to the requirements of the most minute details of the service, and was ever loyal to the authority of duty. This was a characteristic phase of his whole cadet-life, as it had been when a little child at home,

and a boy in school. And when he was placed in position of command, with which military students are sometimes invested, he was always most considerate in his requirements of service from others, and lenient and merciful when compelled to administer discipline on account of offences. On one occasion, when he was Corporal of the Guard, the cadets had what they called a "Stag Dance"—a dance without any ladies. In the exuberance of their spirits they became very boisterous, in violation of the rules of the Academy. The commandant ordered the noise to be stopped, and the leaders put under arrest in the guard-house. Mr. Greble immediately ordered out the guard to arrest them, but privately sent them a warning to desist. The revellers heeded it, quietly and quickly dispersed, and there were no arrests that day.

While engaged in his studies—studies which had fully occupied the greatest intellects of whose achievments history has made record—his heart was constantly overflowing with gratitude and affection toward his parents. His spiritual nature was all the while in full play, and his soul was in continual correspondence with his home through that mysterious telegraph which

> "Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent;"

and which human wisdom cannot comprehend. Gratefully he wrote to his mother on one occasion—

"And now my thoughts carry me to my happy

home in Philadelphia; to the kind influences which surrounded me there; to the loving hearts which so dearly cherished me. How kind both father and mother in fostering and providing for my ambition; inciting me to study; supplying every want; and if ever I thought—or rather, for every unkind thought, if I ever entertained such, and for every wrong word that I have spoken, I am deeply penitential and most humbly beg pardon. For whatever is polite or refined in my composition, I am indebted to you and my much-loved sisters; whatever is affectionate is but what has been taught me by the love of all at home, and of my uncles and aunts."

His letters of affection were like brimful streams in the spring of the year, whose channels are scarcely sufficient to allow the free flow of the gushing tide.

Mr. Greble's cadet-life of four years passed gently and nobly; and he was graduated with marked credit in June, 1854.* Many of his class-mates and fellow

* At the time of his graduation the new fledged soldier received from Ferdinand J. Dreer, Esq., one of the most intimate of his father's friends, a present of a pair of elegant epaulettes. He acknowledged the gift in the following manner:—

"PHILADELPHIA, June 20th, 1854.

"DEAR MR. DREER:

"I received yesterday with much pleasure the handsome pair of epaulettes which you sent me. You could not have thought of a gift which would have pleased me more or which I was desiring more. That they will highly ornament me during the pleasant and showy parts of my duties I do not doubt, and I hope that if I am ever called upon to act the sterner parts of a soldier's life, I may do nothing to disgrace them or cause their donor to regret his gift.

"Please present my best love to Mrs. Dreer.

JOHN T. GREBLE."

graduates became distinguished officers in the late civil war; and those who, like him, remained loyal to the old flag, like him attested their devotion to the principles symbolized in the device and expressed in the legend engraved upon the class-ring,* which they had adopted when about to leave the academy and separate, namely, a mailed hand holding a sword and the words, "When our country calls." So the legend abruptly ended; and it was a common pleasantry used among their friends, that the words might imply with equal force that when their country called they would either sustain it or desert it. Members of the class, in the time of hot trial a few years later, made the pleasantry a solemn reality, for some stood by their country while others deserted its standard.†

At his graduation, Mr. Greble received the commission of brevet second lieutenant, and entered the

* It is a custom at the military academy at West Point for each class, just before separating at the close of their studies, to adopt a device and legend or motto, which each has engraved on stone and mounted in a gold ring like a seal. By this class-ring they might always recognize each other. No class copied the device of another—each had an original device and legend.

† There were forty-six graduates of his class of one hundred, of whom *twenty-three* remained true to the Union and *fourteen* joined the insurgents when the war broke out. At that time it was known that seven of the graduates were dead. Ten of the fourteen disloyal ones became generals in the "Confederate" army, namely, G. W. C. Lee, James Deshler, John P. Pegram, J. E. B. Stuart, Archibald Gracie, S. D. Lee, W. D. Pender, J. B. Villepique, J. T. Mercer, and A. B. Chapman. Only four of the loyal graduates were raised to the rank of general, namely, Henry L. Abbot, Thomas E. Ruger, O. O. Howard, and S. H. Weed. At the close of the year when the civil war ended, it was known that of the forty-six graduates twelve had been killed in battle, and eight had died.

army as such as a member of the second regiment of artillery. He was at first sent to the barracks at Newport, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio River, opposite Cincinnati. There he soon received the very welcome order to join his regiment then stationed at Tampa, in Florida. At that time the remnant of the Seminole Indians, whose principal chief was called, in English, Billy Bowlegs, and with whom the General Government had waged a war for seven years, ending in 1849, were not yet removed to their destined country, west of the Mississippi River. It seemed necessary to have an armed force there to watch the Indians, and to keep the smothered fires of revenge and just resentment from breaking out into a flame of war.

After a brief visit at his home in Philadelphia, Lieutenant Greble sailed from that city late in November, for the purpose of joining his regiment in Fort Brooke, at Tampa, then the chief military post in West Florida. In his little private diary, kept with almost chronological brevity, rather as a series of hints to the memory than a record of events, he wrote under date of "Saturday, November 25th, 1854:"—

"Woke up and found ship at anchor in the Savannah River, waiting for tide to go up to the city. Sailed up the river and got aground; Florida passengers taken off by the Welaka. Bid ladies good-bye. Steamed it along the Florida coast. Stopped at two or three towns with the mail."

On Sunday, the 26th, he wrote:—

"Woke up and found the boat at St. Mary's.

Dressed, and stepped ashore to say that I've been in Georgia. Went out to sea to St. John's bar; plenty of pelicans, pretty towns, live oak, palmetto, and cypress trees seeming to grow out of the water. Got into Pilatka early in the evening."

Lieutenant Greble's experience on the way from Pilatka to Tampa, and on his arrival there, is given in the following letter to his uncle, which presents a graphic and most interesting picture of the interior of Florida at that time:—

"Tampa, December 1st, 1854.

"Dear Uncle:—

"I owe you a letter, were it only in consideration of the quantity of writing materials with which you have provided me. You have been very kind to me. You have bestowed upon me your gifts, and your love—the richest gift—with a lavish hand.

"I have added considerably to my experience since I last saw you, as you will see by my letter to mamma.

"The first day of December in this climate is quite pleasant. Yesterday, in the middle of the day, it was very warm. The mornings and evenings are cold. They build a fire in the morning, and, after a little while, throw open the doors and let it die away.

"I must tell you about my stage-ride. We left Pilatka about nine o'clock on Monday morning. Four in the stage (five, counting the driver); two gentlemen who owned land near the town of Ocala, Major Hayes and myself.

"The ground over which we passed, and, I think, all of Southern Florida, is not soil, but sand, except where we passed through a puddle of water. The stage was a four-horse coach, and a very 'slow coach.' No wonder, for the baggage was heavy and the road not over good. We rode about twenty-five miles through a pine-wood; and, about four o'clock in the afternoon came to Orange Springs, where there is the largest and best house I have seen in Florida. After a delay of about an hour, we drove ahead sixteen miles, and came to a place owned by a man named Templeton. He is a post-master. The room into which we first went had nothing in it but a fire of pine wood—'light wood' they call it. He used it as the post-office.

"I was very much amused at a conversation between him and one of our passengers. This Templeton did not seem to have much of an opinion of Florida. He said there was nothing to eat but venison, and he would as soon eat a turkey-buzzard; that he could not raise more than a peck of corn to the acre; and that if any one would give him what the place had cost him, he would sell it soon enough. The other man had land to sell, and praised Florida up to the skies. The supper we got certainly did not belie the post-master's statement. Though we had venison and sweet potatoes, they were not cooked properly.

"After supper we rode about fourteen miles farther, and came to a small town called Ocala, where we changed stages, and Major Hayes and myself got

into a two-horse hack. About nine o'clock the next morning we came to a house called 'The Widow's,' and owned by a Mrs. Bates. We rode on thirty miles farther without stopping for dinner, and at twelve o'clock at night got to Mr. Hooper's. Here we staid all night, and started next morning at nine; and, after stopping at a Mrs. Gage's for dinner, we arrived in Tampa at nine o'clock Wednesday evening.

"Most all the road passes through a pine wood. Occasionally it passes through a hemlock wood, which is thick and sometimes almost impassable, where there are live-oaks, scrub-oaks, palmettos, and bay-trees. The foliage was all green; and in some of these hommocks I noticed trees with beautifully polished leaves of a bright green color—trees and bushes. They have, also, what are called prairies—not like the large prairies of the west, but perhaps a quarter of a mile square, and covered with a long, yellow grass. They are usually around a pond of water, and in the wet season most of them are under water.

"The live-oak is not a very large tree—or those I have seen are not—and it has a small green leaf. The bay-tree bears a long green leaf. There are two kinds: one with a leaf very like the oleander, and one with a broad, long leaf. There are three kinds of palmettos: the cabbage, the blue, and the saw palmetto. The cabbage palmetto grows into a tree. The trunk is pretty thick, and grows about sixteen to twenty feet high, and has a bunch of leaves at the top. The saw palmetto bears a leaf which looks very

like and is about the size of a palm-leaf fan, only the leaves are not connected all the way up. When I say 'leaves,' do not suppose that I mean it is a tree; it is merely a stem with this fan-like leaf, or rather bunch of leaves connected part of the way. The blue palmetto is the saw palmetto on a large scale. Its stem is large enough for a walking-cane, and the leaf is in proportion. It grows in the hommocks and rich grounds.

"The people who have made settlements along the stage-route are generally from South Carolina and Georgia. They are termed 'Crackers;' I think that is the way to spell it. All out of the rank of gentlemen are called 'Crackers.' They are a poor, thriftless set, living in log-houses which are pretty well ventilated. Each one owns, perhaps, two or three negroes, and two or three hundred acres of pine land which they (or most of them) do not take the trouble to clear, but merely fence in. They raise cotton, sweet potatoes, and turpentine. I saw several cotton fields in which the negroes were picking, though most of the cotton crops had been gathered. I also saw several small patches of sugar cane, looking very much like fields of tall corn.

"The houses were mostly log-huts, built by laying ends of logs on ends of logs perpendicular to them. Sometimes they fill in the cavities by nailing strips of thin boards between every two courses of logs; most of them, however, do not take that trouble.

"Within these houses they keep themselves warm by building large 'light-wood' fires. In one place

where we stopped I counted six logs in the fire-place, all blazing away, each log about six feet long and seven or eight inches in diameter. At another place I noticed a nice new, tight and comfortable building, and, thinks I, these people must be more comfortable than those I have seen; but the woman, who was talking to the stage-driver, suddenly turned round to a little girl by her side, and exclaimed:—

"'That nasty little dog has got into the smoke-house—run and put him out!' It was the smoke-house that was so tight; the dwelling was all open.

"Each settlement has usually several log-houses —one for the 'mansion,' one for the kitchen, and one or more for the negroes.

"Every time we stopped to take a meal we had venison. Quite a good number of deer crossed the road during our journey. I saw a good many wild-turkeys, and got out of the stage to try and shoot one with my pistol, but they were too quick for me. There was any quantity of partridges, and ducks were on every little pond. Passing Lake Ahapopka —a lake partly prairie and partly water—whose borders we followed for about eight miles, I saw a great number of long-legged white cranes wading through the water.

"We passed on the road a planter moving his hands and stock. There were two or three wagons carrying their goods, and one filled with a dozen or more negro children. Twenty or thirty negro women and men were walking, and then there was a drove of hogs, a

negro man in front dropping a grain of corn every few steps, and the hogs following.

"Tampa is a pretty place, built like any other village, with the houses far apart, and on roads rather than streets. The roads run every way, and I have two or three times had difficulty in finding my boarding house.

"The first night we came here, Major Hayes and I went down to the garrison, and, on our return, missed our way. We went into a place that had a light in it, and there saw a long table with a miscellaneous crowd—soldiers, negroes, &c.—seated around it playing *keno*, I think they called it. A man at the head of the table turned round a calabash filled with numbered blocks, and at each revolution drawing out one of these blocks and calling out the number. The players were furnished with cards bearing different combinations of numbers, and as any block was called that was on their card, they would mark it with a grain of corn, and the one who first had a square with one in the middle filled thus : · : would call out '*keno*,' and take the money staked—each player, perhaps, having put up a ten cent piece. The banker paid himself by a percentage on the amount staked on each game.

"The garrison ground stands right at the junction of the Hillsborough River with Tampa Bay, and is the prettiest place in Tampa. The officers first in command showed great taste in sparing the live-oaks; and there they stand looking venerable from under their gray moss covering.

"They are breaking up Tampa as a military station. The head-quarters are to be at Fort Myers, the place to which I am going. I do not know how long I am to stay there. The schooner which runs to Fort Myers has not come back yet.

"The oranges which you gave me were very acceptable to the ladies and to myself.

"My best love to grandmother, to Aunt Mary, and Aunt L——.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"JOHN T. GREBLE."

On the day before the above letter was written, Lieutenant Greble appeared in full uniform before Colonel Monroe, the commander of the post, to announce his arrival in Tampa. He was ordered to join his company at Fort Myers. The passenger schooner which was to convey him thither did not arrive at Tampa until almost a fortnight afterward, when, as he was preparing to go on board, he was ordered into the Cypress Swamp, out from Tampa, to superintend a number of men engaged in making canoes. It was a light but exceedingly uncomfortable service.

Lieutenant Greble left Tampa for the Cypress Swamp on the 15th of December. He travelled in a wagon with baggage and implements. His driver lost his way, and made a bold and perilous push directly across the country in the direction of the canoe-builders. The wagon was disabled in a hommock, and they were compelled to camp out for the

night, almost without shelter or food. In the morning Lieutenant Greble pressed forward on foot, guided by the sound of axes which had fallen faintly on his ear before starting. It was a wearisome and dangerous journey. He was often compelled to wade through water above his knees—the cold, chilling water of winter—and once he was almost submerged in a hole. In such plight, wet and weary, but brave and cheerful, he reached the camp of the wood-choppers, and forgot the hardships of the day while enjoying, in the evening, a bright fire after a warm supper, and an unexpected visit from his captain. It had been an uncomfortable introduction to a disagreeable service.

And so it was, that day after day, in the cold, wet swamp, the young soldier of delicate frame discharged his prescribed duties with fidelity and cheerfulness. And there it was that he enjoyed his first Christmas dinner while in the military service. "To-day," he wrote to his mother on the sacred anniversary, "I caught a trout, and the sergeant sent me a piece of wild turkey; so, with my turkey and trout, I made a very good Christmas dinner."

In January, 1855, Lieutenant Greble received orders to go to another part of the swamp, the timber where he was then engaged having become exhausted. He, and those under his command, went down the river in the completed canoes. It was a most fatiguing voyage. Sometimes they were compelled to saw apart huge obstructing logs, and at other times to get out of their boats into water waist

deep, and push or scull their vessel over shoals. At night they encamped on the cold and sodden shores, and found no real comfort until they reached Roble's Bridge, a few miles from Tampa. And so it was that our young soldier was introduced to the actual military service of his country in its least attractive form.

At Roble's Bridge Lieutenant Greble received notice that the commander of the post at Tampa, and other officers were about to start for Fort Myers; and he was directed to come immediately to Fort Brooke and take charge of the post. He set out at once, and reached the fort just after the steamboat had left with the departing officers. There he welcomed official responsibility and physical comfort. To the latter he had been a stranger for some time. "To eat at a table, and to eat something different from ham and sweet potatoes, is a luxury," he wrote. And yet he preferred the privations he had endured in the swamps, to the life of comparative inaction which he was compelled to lead in Tampa; and he longed to be assigned to some post where he might find more active employment. "I am determined to endure hardness as a good soldier," he wrote. And under date of January 19th he recorded in his diary:

"To-day is my birthday. To-day I am twenty-one years old. A free man in the eyes of the law. Heigh-ho! There are harder times before me than I have yet passed through; but I am ever ready for them."

On the return of Colonel Monroe, Lieutenant Gre-

ble was relieved of his command of Fort Brooke, and ordered to join his company at Fort Myers, which he described as a "rather picturesque looking place, consisting of log, frame and palmetto houses, most of which have palmetto-thatched roofs." It was on the banks of the Caloosahatchee River, south of Tampa, and named in honor of Captain A. C. Myers, of the Quartermaster's Department. There he reported to Colonel Brown, from whom he received instant orders to go up the river in a boat, explore its channels, shoals and shores, and make an accurate map. His efficiency in this service was fully manifested in his first report; and he was kept busy in such duty, which was agreeable to him. It was rough, fatiguing, and responsible; but he accepted all conditions with the greatest cheerfulness. His experience soon dispelled his dream of the paradisiacal character of Florida; but he did not, in his letters, draw pictures of the darker side—of noisome morasses, vast networks of poisonous vines, of loathsome reptiles, venomous serpents, and miasmatic fogs that penetrate to the marrow. He was too brave and generous to say ought in disparagement of the country to awaken in the minds of his friends a suspicion that he was not in the full enjoyment of life there. He was too candid to allow them to be wholly ignorant of some of the forbidding aspects of the region. "Tell papa," he wrote, "that I have noticed the topography of the country through which I have passed. Go a little way and you see pines. Go a little farther and you see pines; and a little farther, and you

see pines. Look as far as you can, and you see pines. It is a glorious country!" A little later he wrote: "I hope papa is not serious when he talks of coming to see me. Much as I would like to see him, I am afraid that he would think a visit no pleasure excursion, by the time he reached home again."

Added to other discomforts of life at Fort Myers was a continual apprehension of an attack by the Indians. Their personal intercourse with the garrison was friendly, but the latter thought they could discover indications that the red men only waited for a good opportunity to show themselves the most implacable foes. This feeling caused so much caution and watchfulness that excellent discipline was afforded the soldiers.

Late in February Lieutenant Greble was ordered to Fort McRae, on the eastern shore of Lake Okee-cho-bee, where a block-house was to be built. He left Fort Myers with ten men. The journey by land and water was very wearisome. They went up the Caloosahatchee to Fort Thompson, thence across the wet prairies to the Fish-Eating Creek, and then down that stream into and across Lake Okee-cho-bee, a sheet of water covering about twelve hundred square miles. They had a rough and perilous voyage across it, and found inhospitable camping grounds on its margin, for dreary swamps pressed close upon its borders. They reached Fort McRae in safety, and were there joined by another party detached for similar duty. The block-house was soon built, and the eastern shores of the lake explored and mapped; and

Lieutenant Greble and his party, returning by the way they went, reached Fort Myers on the fifteenth of March.

During his absence, Lieutenant Greble's company had started on an expedition to the Everglades of Florida. He prepared to join them, but before he could get ready, serious consequences of his privations and exposures in the swamps appeared in the form of fever and ague. His strong will nearly overcame the disease, and on the twentieth day of March, pale and weak, he left Fort Myers for the woods in company with some other officers. With the greatest fortitude he endured the hard experiences of that journey—a journey in which they were not allowed to pick their way, but were compelled to take a direct course in spite of every obstacle. Sometimes they were in solitary woods. Then they were in wet prairies, and constantly in water. Sometimes they were in sickly solitudes in tangled and malarious swamps, staking out the channels of muddy, slimy ponds; and then they were upon barren wastes, wading more than knee deep in water or sinking to their ankles in soft mud at every step. Again, they would be panting for breath in some arid desert, glad to moisten their lips in drops of water that may have oozed out into the tracks of alligators. All of these fatigues and privations Lieutenant Greble endured with a light heart, while burdened with the responsible duties of commissary and quarter-master of the command.

At one time the expedition encamped very near the

village where Billy Bowlegs, the head chief of the Seminoles, lived. He often visited the camps, with two or three followers, and was always very friendly. One day, after dining at headquarters, he procured an abundance of liquor in some way, and, using it freely, became drunken and disorderly—so mischievous that Lieutenant Greble, who was officer of the day, was compelled to turn him out of the camp by force. Billy, when sober, did not resent this act of seeming inhospitality, and the lieutenant became his favorite among the soldiers. His regard was manifested by his acts, and also by his words, when, one day, he and the young soldier were conversing together alone about affairs in Florida, he said: "If war should come between your people and mine, I will tell all my young men not to kill *you*. I will kill you myself. You must be killed by a chief."

That the seven years' war with the Seminoles, in which hundreds of precious lives and millions of treasure were wasted for the benefit of Georgia and Florida planters and speculators; and that the final expulsion of the Seminoles—one of many like crimes committed by our government in its relations with the Indians—was for the gratification of the covetous desires of such planters and speculators of that day, no one who has carefully pondered the history of those events can doubt. Lieutenant Greble fully comprehended the matter when he wrote to his parents, saying: "The Indians are perfectly peaceable, and are the best inhabitants of the State, according to my way of thinking. I will not conceal from

you, however, that it is the intention of the government to have them out of Florida. A group of politicians have represented that the country occupied by the Indians is the most fruitful in the world—good land for coffee plantations, spice-groves, and all that—and the Indians, accordingly, have to vacate, unless they change their minds in Washington when they learn the true nature of the country."

So it was when the splendid country of the Cherokees, in Georgia, became the object of the white man's covetousness and cupidity—when fine farms, and schools, and churches abounded among them, and they had by their energy developed the marvellous resources of their country and laid the foundations of a solid structure of Indian civilization, that the decree went out from Washington, "The Indians must vacate!" and the dusky Christians were driven beyond the borders of the white man's civilization.

When, at length, Lieutenant Greble was ordered back to Fort Myers, and arrived there, his delight at exchanging the privations of camp-life in the Everglades for the comforts of a regular post, was manifested in a joyous letter to his parents, showing that he had *felt* these privations of which he seldom gave hints. "How prettily the post looked as we came in," he said. "Everything was so neat and clean; a bunch of oleanders in full bloom; the broad river; the steamboat at the wharf; the neat buildings, all looked like comfortable civilization. How glad I was to get in; and how I envied the summer dresses of the officers! What a treat it was to have

a comfortable bath prepared, and linen to put on that had been ironed!"

Relieved from excitement, and reposing in the quiet of garrison life, Lieutenant Greble was soon fiercely attacked by the lurking disease which will and action had kept at bay. He was prostrated by it; and for a while his life was in great jeopardy. It was defended by a naturally strong constitution, and signs of convalescence appeared. So soon as he was able to endure travel, a furlough was obtained for him, and he was conveyed to Philadelphia. There, under the tireless care of the dearly loved and loving ones of his home, he remained three months, at the end of which time he reported himself fit for duty. In February, 1856, he sailed for Florida at the head of a party of recruits, and arrived at Fort Myers just after his company had left the post for duty in the field. He was anxious to join them in active service, but the recruits were needed to fill the ranks, and he was ordered to remain in garrison and drill them. While performing that service he felt impelled by the requirements of duty to perform the solemn functions of a Christian minister. One of his soldiers died. There was no chaplain at the post. He could not bear the idea of seeing his comrade buried without religious ceremonies, so, after some misgivings as to the propriety of his assuming the holy office, he read over the dead body of the soldier the impressive funeral services of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Anxious to be right, he asked the opinion of his mother as to the propriety of his course, and

said, "I thought it was better than to place the body in the ground without any religious exercises."

"It was better," his mother wrote, "much better, my dear son, and far more impressive to his comrades than it would have been had they walked away from his grave without hearing those comforting words. Besides, these men will regard you with far more respect for having done so, than if you had allowed them to deposit their lost comrade in the narrow tomb without one word." She cited a case in point which had lately occurred in the naval expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry; and strongly encouraged him to do likewise should an opportunity again offer.

The quiet garrison life at Fort Myers was soon disturbed. The Seminoles seemed to be more hostile, active and daring than they had yet been; and orders were sent for Lieutenant Greble and his recruits to join his company in the field. In that service was engaged his fellow academician, Lieutenant Hartsuff, who was an eminent general officer in the late Civil War, and who, when Lieutenant Greble was slain, wrote concerning him in that campaign in the Everglades: "Thereafter he could always be found in the field, constantly and actively engaged in the sometimes exciting, but oftener tedious, hard and laborious duty of pursuing and wearing out the crafty and almost ubiquitous Indians, until the autumn of 1856, when his company was ordered out of Florida. This kind of duty, which is the most difficult and aggravating, offers fewer points, and

tries more true soldierly qualities than any other. Lieutenant Greble developed in it the truest and best qualities of the good soldier and officer, winning the esteem and admiration of his brother officers and the perfect confidence of the soldiers. He filled every position and performed every duty with great credit to himself, and to the perfect satisfaction of his superior officers. He never shrank from any duty, but always met it more than half way."

Fully alive to the influence of that trait in his character, upon his actions, his loving and always judicious mother whose counsel was almost like prescriptive law to her son, wrote to him during the campaign, "Use every precaution you can consistent with the daring of an American officer, while you are in the neighborhood of the Indians. Never shrink from exposure when there is just cause; but thoughtless disregard of danger is no sign of bravery."

During that campaign Lieutenant Greble was Commissary and Quartermaster of the troops, and performed the duties with singular skill and fidelity. And when late in the autumn of 1856, fresh troops were sent to Florida and the regiment to which he was attached was ordered to the north, he was relieved from duty in swamp and everglade, by an order dated "Head-Quarters, Department of Florida, Fort Brooke, November 8, 1856," and signed by Francis N. Page, Assistant Adjutant-General. His commissary and quartermaster's accounts were very soon adjusted after his return, for they were kept in

a perfect manner. It was found, after the usual rigid examination of them, that the government was the lieutenant's debtor to the amount of ten cents, for the payment of which he received an order on the treasury in due form. His father has preserved it as a curious illustration of the strict methods by which the government machinery is kept in perfect running order.

So soon as Lieutenant Greble's accounts were adjusted, he received an order from the Secretary of War (Jefferson Davis), dated in December, 1856, to report to the Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point (Major Delafield), for duty as Assistant professor in the Ethical Department of that Institution. At the head of that department was then (and is yet [1870]) the learned, pious, and faithful minister of the gospel, the Rev. John W. French, D. D., who was then (and is yet) the chaplain of the post. The appointment, made at the special request of the professors of the Academy, was not congenial to the taste of the lieutenant. He preferred the more active duties in the field, for those of a teacher were tame in comparison. He applied to be released from duty at the Academy and allowed to join his company, but the favor was denied. A little later, when he was appointed to a first lieutenancy (March 3, 1857), he again asked for the privilege of joining his company, when it was again denied. Then, as usual with him, though sorely disappointed, he made inclination subservient to obedience, and he performed the service prescribed by authority with alacrity and

zeal. In this, as in many other instances in the lives of all men, Lieutenant Greble's disappointment was a mercy in disguise.

The winning manners and beautiful life of his senior professor, and the parental kindness which he experienced at the hands of the good doctor and his sweet wife, not only reconciled this youngest member of the Faculty to his new sphere of duty, but led him into paths of delicious enjoyment quite unsuspected by him. Dr. French was already familiar with the general character of his assistant as a cadet and an officer; and, now, by a closer relationship in daily duty, he discovered the fine gold of that character in such abundance that he made him his companion, and an ever-welcome guest at his table and fireside.

In that family a new realm of existence and enjoyment was revealed to the young professor. It first broke upon his vision as a counterpart of the pure and delightsome home influences which, from earliest childhood, he had experienced, and were the brightest pictures in the gallery of his memory when he was living the life of a soldier in the roughest fields of active duty. The vision gradually grew more beautiful, and the central attraction in it was the charming daughter of Professor French, a sensible, gay, intellectual, innocent, laughing girl, the joy of her parents, and the admired of all beholders. The young professor's letters to his mother soon began to be burdened with pleasant sayings about the family of his senior; and it was evident that while

he loved Dr. French much, he loved his daughter Sarah more. His love was reciprocated by her. In both it was the offspring of purest friendship created by solid esteem. They appreciated each other's character, and they were worthy of each other. With the approval of her parents and his own, he became an openly accepted suitor, and they were affianced. Golden were the days of both between that betrothal and their nuptials. The native purity of his character was still more refined in the crucible of love.

> "He had ceased
> To live within himself. She was his life,
> The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
> Which terminated all."

Tender and serious were his epistles to her when they were separated by distance. "May I be better and braver, more honorable and more generous since I have gained such love," he wrote on one occasion. "May you never know sorrow! It is treason to mention such a word to you who know so little its meaning. Do not look out the word. Never learn its meaning. . . . . I have everything to make me happy excepting what bad there is in myself; and that, I trust, with your kind help and the assistance of a Higher Power, may soon be driven from me."

And so months passed away while the affianced waited for the nuptial ceremonies. A little south of the lines of the military post of West Point, in the most picturesque region of the Hudson High-

lands, is a beautiful little church, built many years ago by funds largely contributed by the eminent artist, Professor Weir, of West Point, as an offering of affection in commemoration of little children he had lost. In that modest temple of worship, called the Church of the Holy Innocents, on a summer day, the 4th of August 1858, John T. Greble and Sarah B. French were united in wedlock by the father of the bride. A short tour followed, and then the young couple made for themselves a home in a pleasant little cottage close by the dwelling of the parents of the wife. In its interior arrangements and outside adornment of shrubs and vines, it was an example of good taste; and for more than two years uninterrupted domestic happiness was as perpetual sunlight in that dwelling. Then came a disturbance of the stream of life on which they were borne so gently.

In the autumn of 1860, portents of the terrible storm of civil war which burst upon our land a few months later, were everywhere apparent. Men who were conducting the affairs of the government were secretly preparing to destroy it for the purpose of building up from its ruins an empire, whose corner stone should be the system of human slavery then existing in several states of our Republic. In those states forts and arsenals were filled with men, arms and ammunition drawn from those in free-labor states, preparatory to a rebellion and revolution. Among the strongholds so situated was powerful Fortress Monroe, on the margin of Hampton Roads in southeastern Virginia, which the conspirators

expected to seize and hold. Lieutenant Greble's company formed a part of the garrison there, and in October, 1860, he was relieved from duty at West Point and ordered to join his company in arms. His home on the Hudson, in which he left his wife and two babes, was speedily broken up, for they followed him in November. In two of the casemates of the grim fortress they found a comfortable dwelling which the husband, with exquisite taste, had so fitted up that it appeared really beautiful and attractive.

Not long after Lieutenant Greble and his family became settled at Fortress Monroe, a trial of the loyalty of the servants of the Republic began. The passage of the ordinance of secession by a convention of politicians, in South Carolina, late in December, was the signal for action elsewhere. Officers in the military and naval service began to offer their resignations preparatory to an alliance with the enemies of the government in an armed resistance to its authority. Among them was a friend and classmate of Lieutenant Greble, then stationed at Fortress Monroe. When the Lieutenant heard of the act, he hastened to his friend, and remonstrated with him with such force of argument and warmth of patriotism that he was induced to reconsider his treasonable designs. He was willing to retrace his dangerous steps, but there was a difficulty in the way. To recall his resignation, it would be necessary for him to go immediately to Washington city, and, perhaps, remain there some time. He had not

sufficient means for the purpose. These were freely offered by Lieutenant Greble from his own purse, which contained only sufficient for his own needs. He was resolved to save from ruin, and to the service of his country, a friend and skilful officer, and he made a sacrifice for that end. He was fond of books, and had a choice collection at his quarters. He was about to add to it a copy of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," having already ordered the work. He countermanded the order, gave his friend the amount he was to pay for the books, and with joyful heart saw him start for the national capital on his repentant errand.

Here attention may be properly called to a trait in the character of Lieutenant Greble, worthy of the gravest consideration by young men when starting out in life for themselves. His father was in affluent circumstances, and was ever ready to give ample pecuniary aid to his son; but that son, in the exercise of a proper independence of spirit, had resolved to make his wants conform to the income of a profession which he had chosen as a life vocation. From the hour when he entered the service of his country, his uniform practice was in accordance with that resolution; and every gift which he received from his parents he gratefully thanked them for as a token of affection, and not as a help in the battle of life. With the unfeigned expression of delight which an unexpected and welcome gift from a friend might evoke, did he acknowledge the present of a pair of elegant pistols which his father sent to him at Fortress Monroe.

Toward the middle of April, 1861, war was fairly commenced by the conspirators against the life of the Republic, by a bombardment of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor in obedience to their orders, the expulsion of the national garrison, and the seizure of the stronghold as spoil. Then President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops to suppress the rising rebellion, and reinforcements were sent to the garrison at Fortress Monroe to give it strength sufficient to resist any attack from the Virginia insurgents. As all the quarters there would be needed for the troops, orders were issued for the removal of the women and children from the post. The little family of Lieutenant Greble were subject to this order. He sent a notice of the fact to his father, and received from that patriotic citizen the following letter thoroughly characteristic of the man :—

"Philadelphia, April 19, 1861.

"My Dear Son :—

Your letter of the 17th was received about ten minutes ago. I was in hourly expectation of receiving one from you, and anticipated its contents. Send your family on to me ; they shall be most welcome, and I will take good care of them as long as the trouble shall exist.

"It is needless so say to you, be true to the Stars and Stripes. The blood of revolutionary patriots is in your veins, and it must all be drawn out before you cease to fight for your country and its laws.

"I saw in this day's paper that treason was within

the walls of Fortress Monroe, and that a scheme had been discovered to betray the fort into the hands of the secessionists. I have most strenuously contradicted it, and tell my friends that I do not believe there is a traitor, from the highest in command to the private soldier, within the walls of Fort Monroe, and that if there should be found such a villain, Col. Dimick would soon have him before a platoon, who would make short work of him. Give my best regards to Col. Dimick. The eyes of the nation are now upon him. His position is of tenfold more importance than that of Major Anderson's was at Fort Sumter. Every officer and every man share with him in the responsibility and glory of defending this important post.

"The war feeling in this city is 'up and for doing.' The entire population are infected. There is no 'divided North'; all parties are outraged by the treason of the South. The secession of Virginia was expected and even desired: let the battle-ground be on her soil!

"I made an offer to equip any two of my workmen that desired to serve their country. Robert Garrett and George Wallen accepted the offer. Wallen is an apprentice over twenty years of age. He is worth to me two dollars per day. I cheerfully let him go. Your mother is now making purchases for them. I have directed her to get every article they may want, and that of the best quality. Word has just come to me that another of my apprentices, a first-rate fellow, has enlisted. He has my permis-

sion. I expect my places will be depopulated; the war fever is among them.

"Last night I joined the old 'Washington Grays.' They will organize a regiment for home protection. It would have done you good to see the gray and bald-headed men with the ardor of youth enrolling themselves—men who own hundreds of thousands. Mr. Dreer was among them. He sends his love to you and family. He is very enthusiastic, and will contribute largely to the supporting of his country.

"The troops from Massachusetts arrived last night, and departed this morning. They are a fine looking body of men. To-night we expect the 7th Regiment from New York.

"To get this letter by to-day's mail, I must now close. Our dearest loves to you all. My regards to the officers whom I know.

"Your affectionate father,

EDWIN GREBLE."

It seems proper to say that this patriotic father, who gave this soldier son, also a younger and only other one, and several of his workmen, to the service of his country in its hour of greatest need, and enrolled himself, with his neighbors and friends with a readiness to take the field if necessary, gave also his time and money freely for the cause during the entire period of the war.

Mrs. Greble, with her two children and nurse, left Fortress Monroe for Philadelphia on the 18th of April, and arrived in Baltimore the next day at the

time of the murderous attack of the mob on Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops that were on their way to Washington city. All lines of communication with the North were cut off, and this brave young mother, with her little family, was compelled to go by way of Harper's Ferry and Western Maryland and Virginia to Ohio, and thence eastward through Pittsburg and Harrisburg to Philadelphia, where she was received with open arms by the family of her husband. That husband was for several days ignorant of the perils to which his loved ones had been exposed.

After the departure of his family, Lieutenant Greble employed much of his leisure time in reading, in writing letters to his wife and his parents, and in jotting down his thoughts in his note-book. His young wife's letters to him were sources of exquisite enjoyment. "It is delightful to hear from you," he wrote, weeks after their departure, "and to learn how rapidly the little ones are progressing. To me it seems wonderful that Edwin should be talking so plainly in such long sentences; and that the little girl should be different from what she was when you left me. I am very proud of my wife and little ones; and I very often hear others speak of them in such a way as to justify me and to make me regard them as persons of good taste and judgment. J—— G——, who was here the other day, spoke very prettily of you. If Clara grows up to be as beautiful in womanhood as her mother, and Edwin grows to be a better

man than his father, my dearest wishes will be fulfilled."

He was very prudent in writing to his wife concerning public matters. "Be careful," he said, "to whom you speak about what I write. I may, by accident, say something about what we do here, that it would not be advisable to repeat. Besides, I have a horror of anything I write getting into print."

One record in his note-book, of his meditations, possesses much interest in connection with the sad event which occurred in the early summer months, soon afterward. "De Quincy," he wrote, "thinks that death in summer time seems always saddest, and amongst several reasons, adduces the idea of the contrast between the beautiful world left behind and the dismal grave. I think that the winter funeral brings the most awful feelings to the mind. In summer the grave seems but an opening in the ground in which we are to plant seed that in time will ripen into plants more beautiful than the tall trees and rich flowers around us. I think, too, that when the blood runs quickly through our veins in the warm sunshine, we may more easily form a proper estimate of that heavenly world which so far exceeds in beauty this. I believe it is easier to estimate a knowledge of a higher degree of a quality in proceeding from a knowledge of a lower degree of the same, than it would be if we commenced by overleaping a contrast. The hard ground and ice-cemented gravel of a winter grave, the snow and the wind, bring to our mind a

heaven different from that seen through green boughs, flowers, and grassy mounds."

Consonant with this feeling was that of the unnamed poet, who wrote :—

Oh, lay me in the beauteous earth
  Beneath the flowers of June ;
When all the groves are filled with song—
  Our hearts are all attune
With voices that come down the sky
  From realms of light afar,
And sweetly tell the captive soul
  Of prison doors ajar,
Through which it may, with folded wings,
  Pass out with sins forgiven,
And, spreading them in God's free air,
  Fly to its native heaven.

Lieutenant Greble was anxious to act in a broader sphere of usefulness than his commission would allow; and on the 6th of May he asked Colonel Phelps to give him a captain's commission in a new regiment of artillery, or to be transferred "to a position among the five highest first lieutenants in the regiment." His aspirations were gratified, not exactly in the way he desired, but in a manner equally satisfactory, as we shall observe presently.

Major-General B. F. Butler had been appointed to the command of the Department of Virginia, at the middle of May, with his head-quarters at Fortress Monroe. He arrived there on the 22d of the month, and was cordially welcomed by Colonel Dimick, of the regular army, who, as commander of the post, had acted with great prudence, skill, and patriotism. He had already quietly and significantly turned a

large number of the four hundred great guns of the fortress landward, and so taught the Virginia conspirators and their deceived followers to be very cautious and circumspect.

General Butler found that key to the waters of Maryland, Virginia and upper North Carolina, firmly in possession of the garrison. To the further security of the position he bent his energies. He sent Colonel Phelps at the head of Vermont troops, on the 23d of May, to reconnoitre the vicinity of Hampton. They found the bridge over Hampton Creek in flames kindled by the insurgents. The fire was extinguished. They crossed over, dashed into Hampton, drove the few armed insurgents there out upon the road to Yorktown, and returning, established a camp on the borders of Hampton Creek and cast up a redoubt at the end of the bridge—the first fortification constructed by the National troops on Virginia soil.

General Butler now planned and began to execute operations against Richmond, the chosen capital of the so-called "Confederate Government." On the 27th of May, he sent Colonel Phelps with a detachment of troops, to occupy and fortify the promontory of Newport-Newee, at the month of the James River, where the gun-boat *Harriet Lane* was stationed for their protection. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Greble whom, the day before, he had appointed Master of Ordnance, with the responsible duty of superintending the construction of military works at Newport-Newee, and instructing about

three thousand volunteers in artillery practice. His command consisted of two subaltern officers and twenty men of the regular army. "Camp Butler" was immediately established; and in the course of a few days, Lieutenant Greble had a battery planted that commanded the ship-channel of the James River and the mouth of the Nansemond, on one side of which, on Pig Point, the insurgents had constructed a strong redoubt and armed it with cannon stolen from the Gosport Navy Yard.

On the day after Colonel Phelps's departure from Fortress Monroe, Colonel Abraham Duryée, commander of a regiment of Zouaves composing the Fifth New York Volunteers, arrived at that post and took command of Camp Hamilton on the borders of Hampton Creek. His troops there consisted of the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Tenth, and Twentieth New York Volunteer regiments, and the Pennsylvania Seventy-first, known as the California Regiment, commanded by Colonel Baker, a member of the United States Senate, who was afterward killed at Ball's Bluff, on the Potomac. Duryée was succeeded in command a few days after his arrival, by Brigadier-General E. W. Peirce, of Massachusetts. It was on the 4th of June.

The necessary inaction at Fortress Monroe, and the threatening aspect of affairs at Newport-Newce, which Lieutenant Greble had made almost impregnable, caused the armed insurgents on the Peninsula, commanded by Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder, who had deserted his flag and joined its enemies, to act

with boldness, and yet with caution and vigilance. Their principal rendezvous was at Yorktown, which they were fortifying, and from which they came down the Peninsula and established intrenched posts at Big and Little Bethel. Magruder evidently intended to attempt the seizure of Hampton and Newport-Newee, and confine the National troops to Fortress Monroe.

General Butler, satisfied that such were Magruder's intentions, determined to make a countervailing movement by an attack upon his outposts by troops moving upon them at midnight in two columns, one from Fortress Monroe, and the other from Newport-Newee. On Sunday, the 9th of June, General Peirce received a summons from General Butler to repair to the Fortress. Too ill to ride on horseback, Peirce went to the fort by water. There he was shown a plan for an attack upon the insurgents at the two Bethels, which had been arranged, as Major Theodore Winthrop of General Butler's staff wrote in his diary, partly from the hints of the General, and partly by the fancy of that aide-de-camp. General Peirce then received orders to command the expedition. He was instructed to lead Duryée's Fifth and Townsend's Third New York Volunteers, from Camp Hamilton to a point near Little Bethel, where he was to be joined by a detachment of Colonel Phelps's command, at Newport-Newee. The latter consisted of a battalion of Vermont and Massachusetts troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne; Colonel Bendix's Ger-

mans, composing the Seventh New York, and known as the Steuben rifles, and a battery of two light field-pieces—six pounders—in charge of Lieutenant Greble, who was accompanied by eleven artillerymen of his little band of regulars.

On the afternoon of the day at whose evening close the movement against the insurgents was undertaken, T. Bailey Myers, an officer of General Butler's staff, visited Lieutenant Greble. In a letter written after the death of that young officer, Mr. Myers said:—

"I found him with his tent pitched nearest the enemy, in the most exposed position, one of his own selecting, living and sleeping by his gun, the gun which he used so faithfully a few hours later. His pleasant open face, and kind, gentle manner, won me from the first. We exchanged many little courtesies. I was his guest, and the object of his thoughtful and kind attentions. I never met with a more high-minded, honorable gentleman. If, in this rebellion, we met with no other loss, one such man is enough to render it an execration throughout all time. He was intent on robbing war of half its horrors; and was deeply interested in, and coöperated with me manfully in plans for checking the depredations about the camp at Newport-Newee. In this he displayed a firmness and moral courage that satisfied one of his manly character, and made a strong impression on the General. He spoke of the possibility, even probability of his speedy fall, with perfect coolness, and seemed entirely prepared to meet all the

dangers of sustaining the flag. I need not say to you how proud I should have been to have stood by his side on that fatal day; to have seconded his efforts; to have aided his friends in bringing off the body, as I am sure he would have brought mine."

On the morning of that beautiful Sabbath day when the expedition against the outposts of the insurgents was ordered, and before Lieutenant Greble was informed of the arrangement, he wrote to his wife in the midst of the excitement of the camp, saying:—

"It is a delightful Sunday morning. It has a Sabbath feeling about it. If you had lost the run of the week, such a day as to-day would tell you it was the Sabbath. The camp is unusually quiet; and its stillness is broken by little excepting the organ-tones of some of the Massachusetts men, who are on the beach singing devotional airs. Last Sabbath the men were in the trenches. To-day is their first day of rest. A great deal of work has been done during the past week under unfavorable circumstances—rainy days. With very little additional labor, our whole line of intrenchments will be finished. There is a little trimming off to be done, and a magazine to be built; a little earth to be thrown up in front of some heavy columbiads that have been mounted, and some store-houses to be built. But enough has been done to allow the rest to be completed by general details, and to give a chance for drilling. Colonel Phelps has appointed me ordnance officer of the post. We do not fear an attack; the position is too

strong. I hear that Davis has given the federal troops ten days to leave the soil of Virginia. The time is nearly up, but we are not quite ready to move away. . . . . I hope that I may be given courage and good judgment enough to do well my duty under any circumstances in which I may be placed. As far as I can see, there is not much danger to be incurred in this campaign, at present. Both sides seem to be better inclined to talking than fighting. If talking could settle it by giving the supremacy, forever, to the general government, I think it would be better than civil war. But that talking can settle it I do not believe."

A few hours after this letter was written Lieutenant Greble was informed of the order for the movement against the outposts of the insurgents, and of the general plan of operations. He was astonished and disturbed. His professional culture and quick judgment saw the defects of the plan and the perils involved in an attempt to execute it. "This is an ill-advised and badly-arranged movement," he said to a brother officer. "I am afraid no good will come out of it. As for myself, I do not think I shall come off the field alive."

As the expedition was to move in the night, and there was to be a conjunction of troops converging from two points, General Butler took measures to prevent accidents. He ordered the word "Boston" to be given to each party as a watchword, and that they should all wear on their left arms a white rag or handkerchief, so as to be known to each other.

He also ordered that the troops which should first attack the insurgents should shout "Boston."

The column at Camp Hamilton was to move at midnight, and that at Newport-Newee a little later, as its line of march would be over a less distance. These orders were promptly obeyed. Duryée, with his Zouaves, left just before midnight, preceded by two companies of skirmishers under Captains Bartlett and Kilpatrick, followed an hour later by Colonel Townsend's Albany Regiment with two mountain howitzers to support the Zouaves. The fire had made the passage of Hampton Bridge, in the darkness, unsafe, and so the troops were all ferried across the creek in surf-boats. Townsend was ordered to take a by-road after crossing New Market Bridge over the southwest branch of Back River, and to get between the insurgent forces at Big and Little Bethel. This accomplished, he was to fall upon them at the latter place, just at dawn, simultaneously with an attack from the column from Newport-Newee, whose march was to be timed in reference to this particular movement. If it should be successful, the united columns were to press forward and attack the insurgents at Big Bethel.

Owing to delay in making the passage of Hampton Creek, the skirmish companies did not reach New Market Bridge until one o'clock in the morning, where they halted until the Zouaves came up, at three o'clock, when they all pushed on toward the new county bridge at Big Bethel, and a little before dawn captured an insurgent picket-guard of

thirty men. In the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne had advanced from Newport-Newee, followed by Colonel Bendix, with his Germans, and Lieutenant Greble with his battery and little band of artillerymen as supports.

Both columns were pressing forward in proper time and order to the designated point of junction, when, in consequence of the omission of one of General Butler's aids (who had been sent to Newport-Newee with orders for the advance), to give the watchword there and directions about the white badges, there was a most unfortunate accident. Townsend and Bendix approached the point of junction, in a thick wood, at the same moment. The dress of Townsend's men was similar to that of the insurgents. They wore their white badges, and were ready to shout the watch-word. Bendix, ignorant of the order concerning the word and the badges, and knowing that the insurgents had, with like precaution, worn a white band around their hats, seeing Townsend's troops in the pale starlight made dim by a slight mist, just before the dawn, mistook them for Magruder's men. He also mistook General Peirce and Colonel Townsend, who were riding at the head of the column, for insurgent cavalry. Satisfied that he was confronting an enemy, he ordered an attack, and fire was opened upon the front of Townsend's column with musketry and one cannon. Lieutenant Greble, pushing eagerly forward, was a mile or more in advance, with the other cannon. Townsend's men shouted "Boston" lustily, while Bendix's men

as lustily shouted "Saratoga." The shots of the Germans were returned irregularly, for there was great confusion. The assailed party supposing they had fallen into ambush, retreated to the fork of the road, when the dreadful mistake was discovered. Townsend had lost two men killed and several wounded. The aide-de-camp whose remissness had caused the trouble, was present and greatly distressed. "How can I go back and look General Butler in the face!" he exclaimed.

Colonel Duryée, who, as we have observed, had just captured a picket-guard, and Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne and Lieutenant Greble, all in advance, hearing firing in their rear, supposed the insurgents had fallen upon their supporting columns, and they immediately changed front and joined the sadly confused columns of Townsend and Bendix. Meanwhile, General Peirce, who was satisfied that the insurgents at Big Bethel had been warned of the approach of national troops by the firing, sent for reinforcements. The First and Second New York regiments under Colonels Allen and Carr, were immediately sent forward from Camp Hamilton with orders for the latter to halt at New Market Bridge until further directions. The insurgents at Little Bethel, not more than fifty in number, had fled to the stronger post at Big Bethel, four or five miles nearer Yorktown, and twelve miles from Hampton Bridge. Their position was a strong one on the bank of the northwest branch of Back River, with that stream directly in front, which was there narrow and

shallow and spanned by a bridge, but widening on each flank into a morass that was, much of the time, impassable. They had erected a strong earthwork on each side of the road, which commanded the bridge, and a line of intrenchments along the bank of the wooded swamp on their right. Immediately in the rear of their works was a wooden building known as Big Bethel Church. Behind their works, which were masked by green boughs and partly concealed by a wood, were about eighteen hundred insurgents (many of them cavalry) under Magruder, composed of Virginians and a North Carolina regiment under Colonel D. D. Hill. The whole insurgent force at Big Bethel was estimated by Kilpatrick, after a reconnoissance, to be about four thousand men and twenty pieces of heavy cannon. They were not half that number.

The national troops quickly followed the fugitives from Little Bethel, and at half-past nine o'clock in the morning reached a point within a mile of Magruder's works. Notwithstanding the evident strength of the insurgents and the fatigue of his own troops after a night on foot and a march in the hot sun, General Peirce, after consultation with his officers, resolved to attack the foe, and made dispositions accordingly. Duryée's Zouaves were ordered to lead in the attack. Skirmishers under Captains Bartlett, Kilpatrick, and Winslow, and all under the general command of Lieutenant-Colonel G. K. Warren of the Zouaves, who was familiar with the ground, were thrown out on each side of the road leading to the

bridge, closely followed by Duryée, and the four pieces of artillery (including Townsend's two mountain howitzers) in charge of Lieutenant Greble. On the right of the advancing force was a wood that extended almost to the stream, and in the front and left were an orchard and cornfield. Into the orchard and cornfield Duryée advanced obliquely, with Townsend as a support on the right and rear. Greble, with his battery, continued to advance along the road, with Bendix as a support, whose regiment deployed in the wood on the right of the highway toward the left flank of the insurgents, with three companies of Massachusetts and Vermont troops, of Washburne's command.

Major Randolph, Commander of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, opened the combat by firing a Parrot rifle-cannon from the insurgent battery at the right of the bridge. To this the national troops responded with cheers while steadily advancing. A heavy fire from the insurgents followed. In the face of it the troops continued to advance, with the intention of dashing across the stream and storming the works of the foe. Most of the shot had passed over their heads. Now the firing became more accurate. Men began to fall here and there. The storm of metal soon became intolerable, and the skirmishers and Zouaves withdrew to the shelter of the woods on the right of the road. They would doubtless have been followed by the elated insurgents had not Lieutenant Greble, fully comprehending the perils of the situation, with consummate skill and courage kept

them at bay with his little battery. With all the coolness of an officer on dress parade, he sighted the pieces, himself, every time; and continually advancing, he poured upon the works of the insurgents such a rapid and effective shower of grape and canister shot, that he silenced all their guns excepting the rifled Parrot cannon. He finally halted at a distance of not more than two hundred yards from the muzzles of Magruder's cannon, and that position he kept for almost two hours with two guns and eleven men, holding the insurgents in strict check while the remainder of the army, relieved from attack, were resting and preparing for a general assault. Warren managed to send him some relief; and so it was that by a skilful use of his guns, with a limited supply of ammunition, Lieutenant Greble kept the enemy within their works until the national troops were ready to renew the attack.

At noon the bugles sounded a charge, and Peirce's little army of twenty-five hundred men moved rapidly forward with instructions to dash across the morass, flank the works of the insurgents, and drive out the occupants at the point of the bayonet. Duryée's Zouaves moved to attack them on their left, and Townsend's regiment started for like service against their right, while Bendix, with his Germans, and the rest of the troops of the Newport-Newee detachment should assail them on the left flank and rear. Greble, meanwhile, kept his position in the road on their front.

Kilpatrick, Bartlett, and Winslow charged boldly

on the front of the foe, while Captain Dimick and Lieutenant Duryée (son of the colonel) and some of Townsend's regiment as boldly fell upon their right. The insurgents were driven out of their battery nearest the bridge, and a speedy victory for the national troops seemed inevitable. The Zouaves were then advancing through the wood to the morass, but their commander, believing it to be impassable, ordered them to retire. Townsend was pressing vigorously on toward the right of the foe, but was suddenly checked by a fatal blunder. In the haste of starting, two companies of his regiment had marched unobserved on the side of a thickly-hedged ditch opposite the main body, and, pushing rapidly forward, came up a gentle slope at some distance in the front where the smoke was thick, to join their companions. Their dress, as we have observed, was similar to that worn by the insurgents, and they were mistaken for a party of Magruder's men outflanking the New Yorkers. Townsend immediately halted, and then fell back to the point of departure.

At this critical juncture, General Peirce had placed himself at the head of the Zouaves to lead them to an attack, and Bendix and the rest of the Newport-Newce detachment were pressing forward in obedience to orders. Some of them crossed the morass and felt sure of victory, when they were driven back by a murderous fire. The insurgents having been relieved from pressure on their right by the withdrawal of Townsend, had concentrated the forces at the front of this assaulting party. Major Theodore Winthrop,

a gallant young officer of General Butler's staff, was with the Newport-Newee troops at the time, and had pressed eagerly forward with private Jones of the Vermont regiment, to a point within thirty or forty yards of the battery. There he sprang upon a log to get a view of the position, when the bullet of a North Carolina drummer-boy penetrated his brain, and he fell dead.

Townsend's retirement, the repulse on the right, and the assurance of Colonel Duryée that his ammunition was exhausted, caused General Peirce, with the concurrence of his colonels, to order a retreat. Lieutenant Greble was still at work, but with only one gun, for he had only five men left. An officer who saw that the day was lost, went to him and begged him to retreat, or at least to dodge as the others did. His characteristic reply was, "I NEVER DODGE! When I hear the bugle sound a retreat I will leave, and not before." Then came the order to retire, when he directed Corporal Peoples to limber up the piece and take it away. The order had scarcely passed his lips when a ball from Randolph's rifled cannon struck a glancing blow on the right side of his head. "Sergeant!" he exclaimed, "take command—go a-head," and then fell dead by the side of the gun he had so nobly served, and with which he had saved the little army from greater disaster. "I was near him during much of the engagement between the two forces," Lieutenant-Colonel (afterward Major-General) G. K. Warren wrote, just after the battle, "and can testify to his un-

daunted bravery in the action, and to the skill and success with which his guns were served. *His* efficiency alone prevented our loss from being thrice what it was, by preventing the opposing batteries from sweeping the road along which we marched; and the impression which he made on the enemy deterred them from pursuing our retreating forces hours after he had ceased to live."

Such, also, was the judgment of others. He sacrificed his own life for the lives of many, and the honor of his country. Had he "dodged" or retreated, as he was urged to do, the effect would have been to intimidate the few men that remained with him, and to allow the enemy to cut off the retreat of the little army. He knew this, and stood by his gun.

When Lieutenant Greble fell, his guns were abandoned, and the whole army, covered by the fresh troops under Colonel Allen who arrived just before the close of the battle, retreated in excellent order. Lieutenant-Colonel Warren and Captain Wilson rallied a few men, and placing the body of the gallant Greble on one of his guns, took both in safety to Fortress Monroe. All the dead and wounded, excepting the body of young Winthrop, were borne from the field by the retiring troops. Out of respect to the gallantry of that officer, the insurgents gave it a respectful burial at Bethel, and a few days afterwards allowed it to be disinterred and delivered to the friends of the dead hero. Arms and ammunition were also borne away; and very little inconvenience was experienced from the insurgent cavalry who

pursued about six miles, when they turned back, and Magruder and his little force withdrew to Yorktown.

Lieutenant Greble's body was borne tenderly by his brother officers to Fortress Monroe, and there prepared for burial. In one of his pockets was found a pencil-drawn note to his wife, whom he had not seen since her departure for Philadelphia, with her babes, more than seven weeks before. It was evidently written after his arrival on the field where he was to suffer martyrdom in the cause of his country, of freedom, and the rights of man. "May God bless you, my darling!" he wrote, "and grant you a happy and peaceful life. May the Good Father protect you and me, and grant that we may live happily together long lives. God give me strength, wisdom, and courage. If I die, let me die as a brave and honorable man; let no stain of dishonor hang over me or you. Devotedly, and with my whole heart's love.

YOUR HUSBAND."

On the morning after the battle at Big Bethel, or County Creek as it was first called, and before intelligence had reached the people of the North, the father of the gallant Greble left Philadelphia for that post, to visit his son and convey to him tokens of affection from his home. He was accompanied by his patriotic friend Mr. Dreer. Just as they were going on board the steamboat, at Baltimore, that was to convey them to Fortress Monroe, a newspaper "extra" conveyed to them the sad intelligence of the battle and the death of the loved one. The blow was

a terrible one for the father, but it was bravely borne as became a Christian and a patriot willing to make a holy sacrifice for God and his country. With a sad heart he voyaged down the Chesapeake that night; but sweetly was his smitten spirit soothed on his arrival by the tokens of love for his son and sympathy for the bereaved, everywhere manifested. Mourning for the loss of the young hero was universal and heartfelt. All that brave and generous men could do for a cherished companion, had already been done in honor of the dead and in preparations for the conveyance of the body to Philadelphia; and the father had only to take his place in the funeral procession as chief mourner, without the burden of a single care as to details.

On Tuesday, the day after the battle, the following record was made:—

"At a meeting of the officers of the army at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, on the 11th of June, the following resolutions were adopted relative to the lamented death of John T. Greble, late a first-lieutenant of the Second Regiment United States Artillery, who was killed at County Creek, near this post, on the 10th instant:—

"*Resolved*, That the heroic death of this gallant officer fills us all with admiration and regret. Standing at his piece in the open road, in front of the enemy's battery, till shot down, he served it with the greatest coolness and most undaunted courage.

"*Resolved*, That, while deploring his untimely end, and feeling that his loss to his country is great, and

to his family and friends irreparable, still a death so glorious can but tend to lighten the burden of grief to all.

"*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the officers of the army stationed at this post wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be furnished to his family.

"J. DIMICK, *Colonel U. S. A.*"

On Wednesday morning the following order was issued :—

"Order No. 110. HEAD QUARTERS, FORT MONROE, June 12, 1861.

"The remains of First Lieutenant John T. Greble, Second Artillery (whose gallant conduct in the action of the 10th instant at County Creek, is so well known), will be conveyed from the chapel to the Baltimore boat *en route* to Philadelphia, this afternoon.

"The funeral service will take place in the chapel at five o'clock. The escort will be detailed from the companies of the Second Artillery, and commanded by First Lieutenant M. P. Small.

"The troops will be formed at quarter before five o'clock, and marched to the vicinity of the chapel. The Post Adjutant will be charged with the necessary arrangements with reference to the formation of the escort of troops.

"The following officers are requested to act as pall-bearers:—

"Lieutenant Haines, Second Artillery.
" Morgan, Third Artillery.
" Lodor, Fourth Artillery.
" Baylor, Ordnance Department.
" Turner, First Artillery.
" Palfrey, Engineers Corp.

"By order of Colonel Dimick.

"THOMAS J. HAINES, *Adjutant.*"

On the same day, the officers of some of the volunteers at Newport-Newee with whom Lieutenant Greble spent the last days of his life, and by whom he was beloved, held a meeting, the record of which was as follows:—

"Camp Butler, Newport-Newee,
June 12, 1861.

"At a meeting of the officers of the Seventh Regiment, New York (Steuben) Volunteers, held this day, Colonel John E. Bendix presiding, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"*Resolved*, That in the heroic death of Lieutenant John T. Greble of the Second Regiment United States Artillery, which occurred on Monday June 10th, near Great Bethel, Virginia, we deeply deplore a great loss to our country, and a sudden, untimely period to a life of great promise and usefulness, of which his brave conduct on the above occasion gave abundant proof; and that we deeply sympathize

with the family of the deceased in their bereavement.

"*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the officers of this regiment will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

"*Resolved*, That these proceedings be published in the New York and Philadelphia newspapers.

"Attest:

LOUIS SCHAFFNER, *Secretary.*"

The body was laid in a metallic coffin, in full regimentals. The wounded head was encircled by a coronal of white lilies, fitting emblems of the purity which distinguished the character of the departed spirit. Over the coffin was thrown, in graceful folds, the national flag, the symbol of his country's power and authority, in support of which he had given his young life. So arrayed, the remains, preceded by a guard of honor, and the band playing the solemn "Dead March in Saul," were conveyed to the pleasant little chapel within the fortress, where a brief and eloquent discourse was delivered by the chaplain of the New York Zouave Regiment, and the beautiful and impressive funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was performed in the presence of the entire garrison, officers and private soldiers, and the officers and crew of the frigate *Cumberland*, then lying in Hampton Roads.

At the close of the services in the chapel the procession was re-formed and followed the remains to the Baltimore boat, the colors of which were at half-mast. The body was conveyed by it to Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia, by railway, where the city authorities had made preliminary preparations for a public funeral, and the citizens were eagerly awaiting an opportunity to look upon the face of the slain hero. No demonstration of feeling was made at the railway station, on the arrival of the coffin, for it was yet in the custody of bereaved friends. It was wrapped in the same flag that had covered it in the chapel at Fortress Monroe; and it was quietly conveyed to the parental abode, in Nineteenth Street near Rittenhouse Square, in a modest hearse, followed by the father and a few friends, and some officers from Fortress Monroe, who had accompanied the remains.

The precincts of a domestic circle are too sacred for the intrusion of the merely curious at the hour when the family are, or should be, alone with the remains of the departed member; and the biographer has no right, ordinarily, to trespass upon that sanctity by a revelation of events in the chamber of mourning. But this Memoir, intended for those only who are numbered among the personal friends of the family, may be allowed a little more latitude than if it were to be subjected to the scrutiny of the stranger-public. So I will venture to lift the veil a little, and show a scene most touching and true to nature, when the lifeless face of the young husband

and son was first seen by loving eyes—a face serenely beautiful and benignant, and natural in expression. The fair young widow was the first to look upon it. She bore her babe in her arms as she stepped noiselessly to the coffin. The pale face—almost as pale as the coronal of lilies—seemed to be only in a repose that might be disturbed by an affectionate kiss. To look upon it in its beauty was a precious boon that filled the mourner's heart with gratitude. Softly and tearlessly, with her soul leaning lovingly upon the mercy and compassion of Christ, she knelt a moment by the side of the coffin, and then arose with a strength of spirit such as only the true Christian can feel. Then her little Edwin, only two years old, was lifted up so that he, too, could look upon the sweet face. He instantly recognized it, smiled, and whispered "Papa;" and with a sudden impulse that seemed like indignation, he almost sprang out of the arms that held him, and loudly exclaimed, "Take my papa out of that box!"

Father, mother, brother, and sisters now looked upon the sleeper's face, and then left the remains with those who were to honor them with funeral rites, and carry them to the populous city of the dead.

Preparations were made for an expression of the public feeling. The alumni of the High School made arrangements for joining in a funeral procession. The city authorities, in special session, after passing a series of resolutions of condolence and regret, drawn up by Mr. Simons, of the Common

Council, a friend of the deceased, tendered the use of Independence Hall for public obsequies. The following is a record of the proceedings:—

"[Seal of the City of Philadelphia.] Mayor's Approval, June 13, 1861. "SELECT AND COMMON COUNCILS OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

ALEXANDER HENRY,
Mayor of Philadelphia.

"Resolutions relative to the death of Lieutenant JOHN T. GREBLE of the United States Army.

"WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-wise Father to permit the death, on the battle-field, of our accomplished and useful fellow-citizen, JOHN T. GREBLE, a native of Philadelphia, a graduate of the West Point Military Academy, and 1st Lieutenant of the Second Regiment of Artillery of the United States Army, who, in the vigor and with the fervor of young manhood, engaged in the stirring services of the camp and field, and, standing by his guns to the last, fell while gallantly fighting for our national flag, and the honor and life of our country against the assaults of internal foes in open armed rebellion —thus offering his precious life a sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism in the great struggle for the rights of man—the FIRST MARTYR FROM THE RANKS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE REGULAR ARMY: Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Lieutenant GREBLE our City is called to deplore the loss of a most worthy citizen, our Country one of her noblest defenders, the

Family Circle an honorable son, an affectionate husband and father, and his Companions in Arms a beloved officer.

"*Resolved*, That the Select and Common Councils do mourn his death as a loss to our City, State, and Country; and while we deeply sympathize with his beloved family in their bereavement, and tender them our heartfelt condolence, we rejoice to know that his memory will be enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people as one among the first sacrifices in the suppression of an unholy Rebellion.

"*Resolved*, That the Select and Common Councils attend his funeral, and that these resolutions be transmitted to the family, and they be solicited to have his remains placed in Independence Hall, upon the day of the obsequies, that our citizens may have an ample opportunity of paying a last tribute to the honored and lamented deceased; and that a Committee of three be appointed from each Chamber to carry out the object of this resolution.

"CHARLES B. TREGO,
"*President of Common Council.*

"THEODORE CUYLER,
"*President of Select Council.*

"Attest:
"GEORGE F. GORDON,
"*Clerk of Common Council.*

"COMMITTEE OF COMMON COUNCIL.
GEORGE W. SIMONS,
WILLIAM STOKES,
WILSON KERR.

COMMITTEE OF SELECT COUNCIL.
DANIEL M. FOX,
STEPHEN BENTON,
JOHN P. WETHERILL."

The wishes of the city authorities and of the people were complied with, and arrangements were made for the observance of the funeral rites on Friday the fourteenth day of June. In the morning of that day —a pleasant summer morning—the tolling of bells and the booming of minute guns spread a feeling of solemnity over the city, and thousands of flags unfurled at half mast from public buildings and private dwellings attested the respect universally felt for the character of the deceased. And at a later hour the places of business in all the principal streets were closed, and the day was devoted by the inhabitants of Philadelphia to the rendering of homage to a beloved citizen and gallant soldier.

At the family mansion the friends of the deceased were assembled at an early hour in the forenoon of Thursday, and listened to the reading of the impressive funeral services of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Dr. French, of West Point, and the following touching discourse by the Rev. Dr. Brainerd of the Third Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia :—

"Before the place which has known our young friend here, shall know him no more forever, I cannot refrain from expressing the feelings of my heart, in view of his worth and his loss. I have known him from childhood, and during all his life I have regarded him with complacency and approbation. Few have passed to the grave whose whole life could better bear inspection, or who presented fewer defects over which we have need to throw the mantle of

charity. In his family circle; in the Sabbath school; in the High school, where he graduated; as a Cadet at West Point, and as an officer in the service of his country; up to the very hour when he bravely fell, he has exhibited a life marked by the purest principles, and the most guarded and exemplary deportment. In his nature he was modest, retiring, gentle, of almost feminine delicacy; careful to avoid wounding the feelings of any; and considerate of every obligation to all around him. Indeed, such was his amiability, modesty, and delicacy of temperament, that we might almost have questioned the existence in him of the sterner virtues, had not his true and unshrinking courage, in the hour of danger, stamped him with a heroic manliness. In this view of qualities, seemingly antithetical, we discover that beautiful symmetry in his character, which marks him as a model man of his class.

"Judging him by his life, we may infer that an outward conduct so exemplary, had its fountain in religious faith and the fear of God; and this inference is sustained by the fact, that daily, before retiring to rest, he was accustomed to kneel at his bedside in prayer to the Author of his being. We may hope it is well with him; and that the excellencies of life and character which so endeared him to his friends, and made him so valuable to his country, have reached a field of full appreciation and perfect development.

"He seems to have been not without foreboding of the fate which awaited him. Before he entered the battle-field, he traced in pencil on paper, words of

love for his cherished wife—of care for his now orphan children—of affection for his parents and friends—and of trust in Almighty God. This gives value to his manly daring, showing that it was no bloodthirsty impulse or reckless presumption; but a perilous service at the call of duty and his country's need. This view sanctifies his martyrdom. It carries him to the field of battle with no loss of his gentleness, amiability, and benevolence; but wrought to a high enthusiasm, and a calm and tranquil courage, by a real love of country and of mankind. Great interests have had noble martyrs. Stephen fell under the murderous hail of stones, at the outset of Christianity, and when his life seemed most precious to those who made great lamentation over him: so this young man has fallen in the beginning of the conflict, to preserve this Western Continent—this noble country; our Constitution, our order, our prosperity; the liberty of the masses of men everywhere, from treason, anarchy, aristocratic oppression, and final ruin. We can safely say, the cause was worthy of the martyr. It is a high eulogy to imply that the martyr was worthy of such a cause. He died that his country might not die. He died that the great experiment of self-government in this land—which has made man everywhere feel that he was truly a man—might not fail, to the despair of humanity itself in all time to come. In his case, as in another, it may have been 'expedient that one man should die, that the whole nation perish not.' General Des Saix, on the field of Marengo, lamented in dying that he

had but one life to give for the glory of France. Lieut. Greble, dying in a conflict with traitors, might have lamented that he had but one life to give for such a constitution and such a country.

"I know that his friends are now inconsolable for his loss. I know that no public considerations can stanch the wounds of their bleeding hearts. But to the circle that loved him, it must be grateful to know that in his first conflict he gained a meed which thousands might envy; that by persevering and martyr bravery, in circumstances of trial and abandonment, he has written his name where neither his country nor humanity will ever allow it to be effaced. Wherever the history of this great conflict shall go, in ages yet to come, and in generations yet unborn, 'this that he hath done shall be told for a memorial of him.'

"To this bereaved circle we would say, that our young friend has only met the destiny of a wise, providential appointment, as to the time and mode of his death. His life, though brief, has been complete, if in any degree he has imitated the Blessed One, who said, at a little over thirty years of age, in doing and in bearing: 'I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.' This is now a house of mourning, clouded with sorrow; but over this weeping circle is the rainbow of the covenant. 'All things work together for good, to them that love God.'"

Then the remains were surrendered to the Committee of Councils, and at midday they were con-

veyed to the State House, in an elegant plumed hearse, preceded by an escort of city dignitaries. The coffin, still wrapped in the national flag, was placed in the centre of Independence Hall, upon a bier covered with black velvet—the same bier upon which had rested the remains of John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Dr. Kane. Upon the coffin-lid were laid the sword and military hat of the dead soldier, and at its head was a photographic likeness of him, encircled with ivy, the emblem of Friendship. Wreaths of fair and fragrant flowers, arranged by the hands of sympathizing women, were there in abundance. From some of these, long white ribbons were dependent, on which was the word PURITY.

That Hall, clustered with patriotic associations, was a fitting place for the body of the young martyr to lie in state. The walls were hung with portraits of many of the founders of the republic, for whose preservation he had freely given his life. In that room the representatives of a free people declared and signed a written Declaration that thirteen American Colonies were free and independent States, and boldly asserted the seminal principle upon which rest the dearest rights of man, that "*all* men are created equal"—a principle against which conspirators were then waging a cruel war, with the strength of a deceived and injured people whom they controlled. In that room was the old State House bell, with its inscription—"Proclaim Liberty unto the Land and to the Inhabitants thereof"—which pealed out the joyous announcement that the resolution for

and declaration of independence had been adopted by the Continental Congress; and around it were many relics associated with the stormy period in our history when the rights of the people to the enjoyment of the privileges of "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness," were nobly and successfully contended for—privileges, for the perpetuation of which the young patriot had fought and died.

When the doors of the State House and of Independence Hall were opened, a vast stream of citizens which had been for hours pent up in the streets, flowed in. The people hoped to see the face of the beloved young man. That privilege could not be granted; but from the fine likeness of him at the head of the coffin, each bore away a pleasing impression of his features, and was satisfied. So deep was the feeling that many a lip kissed the mute likeness, and many a tear moistened the sweet flowers. It was a recognition of greatness and goodness, spontaneously offered by a grateful people, which the proudest potentate of earth might covet.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed for the funeral procession to move from the State House to the cemetery, full ten thousand people had passed in and out of the hall, and thousands more were eagerly pressing toward it. The doors were then closed, and the coffin was carried to the hearse in waiting. As it passed out the troops composing the guard of honor, formed in double line from the door, presented arms. Then the procession moved in the following order:—

Reserve Corps of Police, fifteen abreast.

Colonel William F. Small and Adjutant.

Beck's Philadelphia Brass and Clarionet Band, thirty pieces.

Regimental Corps of Sixteen Drummers.

Colonel Small's Regiment, fully armed, and marching in regular platoons,

Company C carrying the National Flag drooped with black Crape.

The Sharp's Rifle Guards, Captain Alexander, the rifles reversed.

First platoon of the Union Artillery.

THE HEARSE.

Distinguished officers of the Army and Navy acting as Pall-bearers* and a Guard of Honor.

Officers of the Gray Reserve Regiment in full uniform.

Second platoon of the Union Artillery.

Company of the Central High School Cadets of Philadelphia carrying a flag festooned with crape.

Carriages containing the Mayor and City Authorities, Judges, Members of Congress, and numerous distinguished citizens, among whom were many High School Alumni, followed by a large concourse of people.

The procession moved from the State House down Fourth Street to Walnut, and through Walnut to Nineteeth Street, in which is the dwelling of Mr. Greble. There it was joined by a large number of carriages containing the family and friends of the deceased. These took a place in the line immediately behind the guard of honor which followed the hearse. To the sweet, slow music of the band play-

* The following officers were the appointed pall-bearers: Lieutenant Thomas, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Pierce, U. S. A.; J. O. Burnet, Surgeon U. S. N.; Lieutenant Van Cleve, U. S. A.; Major Mareton, U. S. M.; and Major Ruff, U. S. A.

ing "The Dead March in Saul," and the solemn beating of muffled drums, the procession then moved out to West Philadelphia, and along the Darby Road to the beautiful, quiet Woodlands Cemetery far outside of the noisy city; while at points on the way the people stood in crowds, and many uncovered their heads in reverence for the first Pennsylvania officer who had fallen in the strife. In the burial-ground of the Greble family in the Woodlands the remains of that noble scion were laid. At the vault in which they were first deposited the burial service was read by Doctor French, and a few days afterwards the body was committed to the grave, which, to him, as recorded in his note-book, had "seemed, in summer, but an opening in the ground in which we are to plant seed that, in time, will ripen into plants more beautiful than the tall trees and rich flowers around us." After the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," were spoken at the vault, and some earth was cast upon the coffin, the usual military salute was fired.

So closed the last sad rites in honor of the mortal remains of a beatified spirit whose earthly character and deeds have left an impression that will be a perpetual blessing to his country and to mankind. In his daily life he had been a bright example of a good son, a good husband, and a good citizen; and his almost dying words "I NEVER DODGE!" make as noble a motto for a soldier as ever was emblazoned on the arms of the most courtly and gallant knight renowned in history. They were worthy of a Bayard or a Sidney; and they will be resounded by the lips

of every true soldier through all the future, until Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men shall everywhere govern the actions of God's intelligent creatures as worthy followers of the Prince of Peace.

The death of Lieutenant Greble produced a profound sensation throughout the country, and pen and tongue hastened to express the emotions of the people —emotions first of indignation, and then of sorrow and admiration. "The people demand a deep and satisfactory vengeance," said a Philadelphia journal on the morning after the funeral, and the Pennsylvania Volunteers will fight with a new vigor when they remember the gallant Greble." But a spirit worthier of a Christian people soon prevailed, and monodies and eulogies in verse and prose burdened the press. There came to be a universal feeling of admiration for his bravery and love for his virtues; and the words of Halleck, uttered long years before respecting another noble soul, might now be spoken of the martyred Greble:—

"He has been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
And wept as nations weep their cherished dead,
With bitter but proud tears; and o'er his head
The eternal flowers whose root is in the grave—
The flowers of Fame—are beautiful and green;
And by his grave's side pilgrims' feet have been;
And blessings pure as men to martyr's gave
Have there been breathed by those he died to save.

Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
His fame their hope, his name their battle-cry;
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live—
He died as fathers wish their sons to die."

Lieutenant Greble's companions-in-arms were especially eloquent in words of love and admiration. One of these, Lieutenant R. Lodor of the artillery, in a familiar letter to a friend in Philadelphia, written at Fortress Monroe just after the battle, said: "Just think of poor John Greble's death! Was it not awful, Bill? He was a noble man; one of the kind you don't often meet in this world; modest—particularly so—unassuming, retiring, a perfect disposition, and, withal, as brave as a lion. O! I tell you it was grand the way he stood there and took the fire of the whole battery, and just as cool and quiet as at a drill. The volunteer officers can't praise him enough. They think him a brave of the first order."

Lieutenant Kingsbury (afterward killed in the war) wrote to Mrs. Greble a few days after the funeral, and said that the day before the young hero left Newport-Newee, he seemed a little feverish. "I attributed it," Kingsbury said, "to his constant watchfulness, for no one could have been more vigilant than himself. The whole body of volunteers, who were there, looked to him and his little command as their chief reliance in the hour of necessity.

"It will, I know, be among your pleasantest recollections to be assured that scarcely an hour of the day passed that your husband did not make some remark to me which betokened his love for his wife and his babies. The letters he received from you were read and re-read, and from them he read to me, with a father's delight, the prattle of his little son. The morning before I left, I entered his tent and

found him reading his Bible. Then, again he expressed his desire to see you and his children."

From many others, the stricken wife received the kindest assurances of sympathy in her bereavement and loss, and reverence for her departed husband. In these assurances, his parents participated. To Mr. Greble, Robert Dale Owen wrote from Washington city in August following, inquiring, "Did you communicate to your daughter-in-law what the President said to me in regard to her husband? namely, that of all those who had fallen, or who had distinguished themselves in the present contest, it was his deliberate judgment that not one had acted so heroically nor deserved so well of his country, as Lieutenant Greble."

Colonel Williams, who, as brigadier-general, was killed in a battle at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, writing to his wife in September from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, said, "I have established a camp of instruction here, and called it "Camp Greble" in honor of our gallant friend, who fell at Bethel." And one of the grand line of forts that almost circumvallated Washington city, early in the second year of the war, and stood upon a commanding position on the Maryland side of the Potomac below the Navy Yard, was named "Fort Greble."

Four months after his death, a fine portrait of Lieutenant Greble, painted by a distinguished artist of Philadelphia, was placed among those of other men of renown, in Independence Hall, by order of

the authorities of that city, under circumstances which the subjoined correspondence will explain:—

"Philadelphia, October, 1861.

"Theodore Cuyler, Esq.,

President of Select Council, City of Philadelphia.

"Dear Sir: Through your courtesy I have the honor to transmit herewith, to the Select Council, for a place in Independence Hall, my portrait of the late Lieutenant John T. Greble, who so nobly distinguished himself, and fell one of the earliest sacrifices in defence of his country, in her hour of peril, at the battle of Great Bethel, Virginia, June 10, 1861. I ask their acceptance of this offering, commemorative of an illustrious fellow-citizen, known to be as eminent for high *moral* excellence as for the cool and efficient intrepidity displayed by him on a bloody field.

"This portrait was executed, and is presented with the idea, that works of the kind now, as in ancient times, operate on warm and generous minds, not only in some sense as rewards for, but as incentives to virtue and heroism.

"If this, dear sir, be no mistaken sentiment, the donor, in the approval and reception of this picture by the Council, for the place and purposes intended, will feel himself amply repaid for whatever exertions on his part it may have called forth.

"With consideration of high respect and regard,

E. D. MARCHANT."

At the next meeting of the city legislature, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"*Resolved, by the Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia*, That the thanks of the City of Philadelphia be and the same are hereby tendered to E. D. Marchant, Esq., for his generous gift of the accurate and beautifully executed portrait of the late Lieutenant John T. Greble, a native of this city, who was the first martyr, of his official grade, in the regular army, who has fallen in the present great struggle for our National existence.

"*Resolved*, That the Commissioner of City Property be and he is hereby instructed to place the same in Independence Hall."

The following letter to the artist, from Mr. Greble, attests the fidelity of the picture:—

"E. D. Marchant, Esq.:—

"Dear Sir: Permit me to express my gratitude for your liberal gift to the City of Philadelphia, of the portrait of my son, Lieut. John T. Greble, U.S.A., who fell in the disastrous advance on Great Bethel.

"When you expressed the wish to paint his portrait for that purpose, I judged, from your high reputation as an artist, that a likeness would be produced: when I saw the portrait finished, I was surprised at its accuracy. Had the living man been before you, I do not think you could have transferred his features and expression with greater fidelity. Of this opinion I have not heard a dissenting voice.

'He being dead yet on the canvas liveth.'

"As a work of art I judge it to be worthy of your skill. Some of my friends, who are capable of judging, pronounce it to be such.

"Accept my thanks, my dear sir, for the deep feeling which you have displayed in this, my bereavement, and believe me to be,

"With much respect,

"Yours, very truly,

EDWIN GREBLE.

"PHILADELPHIA, October 22, 1861."

In the Village of Hampton, Virginia, near Fortress Monroe, a society of the benevolent order of Odd Fellows named their association, in honor of the fallen soldier, "Greble Lodge." It is No. 137 among the lodges of Virginia. Its seal bears an engraved portrait of young Greble.

In Philadelphia, a section of an association called the "Order of United American Mechanics," evinced their respect for his memory, and for his family, by entitling their new organization, perfected in February, 1867, "Greble Council, No. 103, O. U. A. M.," and electing the father of Lieutenant Greble an honorary member of the Council.

The crowning honor of the many conferred after the death of the hero, was awarded by Mr. Stanton, the eminent Secretary of War, with the sanction of the Senate of the United States given by unanimous vote. It was in the form of the following letter to the father of Lieutenant Greble, inclosing three commissions named in it:—

"War Department,
Washington City, July 31, 1867.

"Dear Sir:—

"I have the pleasure of inclosing to you the commissions of Brevet Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel, conferred in honor of the memory of your son, John T. Greble, the first officer of the regular army who perished in the war for the suppression of the rebellion. His distinguished character, his gallant conduct on the field when he fell, and his devoted sacrifice to the cause of his country, will make his name and memory illustrious.

"I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Sec'y of War.*

"Hon'ble Edwin Greble, *Philadelphia, Pa.*"

These brevet commissions, passed upon by the Senate six months before they were issued, were given, as each expresses it, "for conspicuous gallantry, and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Big Bethel, in Virginia," and all bear the same date. "This," said the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "is no formal compliment, for those familiar with the events of that battle know right well that it was the conspicuous gallantry of this young Philadelphia officer that saved our army there from a defeat much more disastrous than actually occurred. After the retreat of our troops had become general, he kept his gun in a commanding position in the road, holding at bay the advancing rebels, and maintained it there until

nearly his whole force of gunners had been killed or crippled, and fought it gallantly with his own hands, amidst showers of shell and grape, until he was killed. The records of the war present no more striking example of true courage and faithful devotion to duty than was displayed by young Greble on that occasion. The memory of this still lives, and we make use of the occasion afforded by these posthumous honors to direct attention to the point that such courage and such unswerving discharge of duty to one's country are always cherished in the memories of the people."

Lieutenant-Colonel Greble was about five feet seven inches in height, compactly built, and when in full health weighed about one hundred and forty-five pounds. He was erect and soldierly in carriage, and easy yet dignified in deportment. His voice was pleasant and always kindly in tone. His complexion was rather pale. His hair was a very dark brown. His eyes were a dark blue, and rather deeply set, with long, dark, silky lashes, from under which ever beamed a sweet benignity of expression that revealed a pure and exalted soul.

I cannot better close this Memoir than by the introduction of the subjoined letter, written to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Greble's classmate and friend, Major-General O. O. Howard, whose bravery, patriotism, fidelity and goodness made him a conspicuous and salutary example for our young men during the whole struggle of Right and Freedom against Wrong and Oppression, for nine years from the

booming of the first gun against Fort Sumter until the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment of the National Constitution.

"Philadelphia, April 17, 1870.

"Mr. Benson J. Lossing.

"My Dear Sir: I came to this place to speak to the Sunday school of the church of the Holy Trinity, in which Mrs. Greble is very earnestly engaged; and finding a few moments of quiet this evening, which I seldom find at Washington, I told my good friend, Mr. Edwin Greble, that I would fulfil a promise I made him some time ago, *i. e.*, write some of my recollections of his son (my classmate), who lost his precious life so early in our late struggle for the preservation of our national existence.

"In September, 1850, I joined the West Point class of 'new cadets;' and amongst my early acquaintances was Cadet John T. Greble, who had preceded me at the Academy by the space of the summer encampment. My earliest impressions of him were from noticing an odd friendship between him and Cadet Wade, of Tennessee (our classmate), who died of disease before the war—odd, because Wade was large, rough, and boisterous in manner, frank and generous withal, and quite mature already. He was named by the cadets 'Babe Wade,' on the principle that J. E. B. Stuart, another classmate, was called 'Beauty Stuart.' On the other hand, Greble was sensitive and retiring, quite young, and a head shorter, and much smaller every way, than Wade,

though closely knit and presenting always, what cadets prize highly, 'a perfect military figure.'

"These two walked together during recreative hours almost daily. Just after supper, I have often heard, in the rear yard, the clear sharp voice of 'Babe Wade' calling '*Oh*, Greble,' or 'Mag.,' lengthening the 'Oh,' and mispronouncing his name by long *e* instead of short *e*. The 'Mag.,' I supposed, proceeded from the habit of cadets supplying, in a queer way, the want of ladies' society, by naming and calling each other by some feminine sobriquet,* 'Betsy Baker,' 'Susan Woods,' and the like. 'Susan' is six feet tall, and weighs upwards of two hundred pounds. The sobriquets are no means of judging of appearance, for they are as often given in contrast as for positive elements or characteristics. The friendship between these young men—these opposites—was genuine, sincere, and continued till death, and, I hope, is still as real and brightening in their present happier home.

"I had many conversations with Cadet Greble at the beginning, and we became sufficiently familiar for me to call him 'John,' and he to address me as 'Sep.' (having been fledged as a cadet in September); but I knew him better after a visit, during our next encampment, from his father, mother, and sister, to all of whom he was devotedly attached. Fathers and mothers usually love their children, but the children's return of affection often lacks intensity. But not so with John.

* Lieutenant Greble was called "Mag." because of a quality universally attributed to him. It was an abbreviation of "magnanimous."

"We had much time during this visit to walk and talk. I enjoyed, exceedingly, that encampment. There was to me a freshness, a frankness, a quick confidence in this Philadelphia family that won me; and I have never ceased to enjoy the unfailing kindness and hospitality extended to me at his father's house, at all times, when I approach Philadelphia.

"We continued our friendship without any intermission. Once, when I lost caste with my mates, because of my 'abolition sentiments,' and some slander was diligently propagated by an enemy, John never joined my accusers; and I remember that he always received me at his room with apparent joy.

"The West Point life embraces recitations, horse-riding, drills, and out-door and in-door instruction. Sometimes John and I were in the same section of the class and sometimes not, but our intercourse was daily and familiar. Though he often told me of his home and friends, of his earlier school-work and boy-life, yet I do not remember that either of us broached the subject that our mothers had nearest at heart—our Christian purposes. If I remember rightly, he attended the Bible-class quite regularly when we first went into barracks.

"After graduating we met in Florida. He was stationed at some distance from me, at Manatee. I was of the ordnance department at Tampa at the time, so that we met only occasionally. On the frontier, at that time, there was much drinking, especially when there was no immediate call to duty; but I

never knew John to drink. I think he was always regular in all his habits—more so than I was.

"In 1859, I was ordered from Florida to West Point as instructor in mathematics. Lieutenant Greble became the same in English studies. Professor Church was my chief, and professor French, our chaplain and English professor, was his. I had, in Florida, found a personal Saviour, and therefore sought the counsel of Mr. French constantly, and became very intimate in his family. Our friend had married his charming daughter, and our little families of the same size, bright with fresh hopes, and beautiful in love and friendship, became very closely united. I was the god-father of little Clara Greble. Mr. French baptized all my house.

"Once John and I walked for hours together, and he opened his heart to me. I tried to tell him of the change in me since he first knew me, and of the sweet comfort and peace of a conscious reconcilement with God through a risen, real Redeemer, when he burst out with unusual feeling, 'O! Howard, I am not good, I cannot even have good thoughts. I would like to do right, and be a Christian. I believe I must change and be good enough before I go to the communion or join the church.' Some of our Christian friends and advisers demanded no special evidence of a 'change of heart;' only a declaration of a purpose to keep the ordinances and to do right as far as permitted. 'This,' said Lieutenant Greble, 'is not satisfactory to me. I want more of a token of my acceptance.'

"Such, I remember to have been the substance of his remarks to me. Of course I tried to get him to spring forward earnestly, and to help him; but soon after this precious interview we were separated. The war came, and I went one way and he another. His noble conduct and early sacrifice you can describe better than I. I believe his steady heroism was due to a faith in God deeper than anybody knew; a faith indicated evidently in that conversation with me at West Point, as begotten by God's Holy Spirit which does not permit us to exalt ourselves, but wraps us in its own robes. My interest in him and in his beautiful little family is almost too sacred to speak of. That family is borne daily to the throne of grace with my own lovely little flock; and the time will come when we shall all be gathered to meet him in that beautiful land where friendship and families are never broken. His father laid the greatest possible sacrifice upon the altar of his country; and I thank you, my dear Sir, from my heart for the comfort you give him in so faithfully seeking out and portraying the short and brilliant career of my dear young friend, who is to be remembered in the history of this Republic as Colonel John T. Greble, *an Early Martyr in the Struggle for the new Birth of Freedom to this Country.*

"With much esteem, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"O. O. HOWARD,

"*Brevt. Maj.-General U. S. A.*"

BD 6.8

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